THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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OPEN LETTER TO FRIENDS

TWO MONTHS ago, THE COMMONWEAL launched an appeal to its subscribers for help. We were fully conscious of the enormous difficulties involved—the decline in general income, the endless calls made upon the generosity of those having surplus funds, and in particular the need which now rests heavily upon all Catholic effort. Nor did we conceal anything. During the past three years, we had run some $26,000 behind, in spite of the fact that editors, contributors and manufacturers had combined to make greater sacrifices than have been made for any similar publication issued in New York. This indebtedness threatened to force THE COMMONWEAL into bankruptcy and, with that, off the journalistic scene. And in addition to that a load of discouragement was added to the daily burdens of those responsible for the work.

Today we wish to make a preliminary report. This may be prefaced with the remark that seldom before has any similar story been told. The record speaks so eloquently for the loyalty, interest and idealism of the educated American Catholic laity that we wish to write it into the general history of the Church. At this moment, slightly more than $17,000 have been contributed. A few cheques for $100 or over were received, but by far the largest part came in sums of $26.00 or under. What does this mean? Approximately 1,000 persons responded, writing from all parts of the country. This may, of course, not seem many, representing as it does 5 percent of the total number of those who subscribe for the magazine. Nevertheless it is a remarkable and exceptionally high average. Indeed, in all probability no similar appeal for funds has been met with so ready a response.

The present situation may, therefore, be outlined in a few words. During the past week, we have received a pledge to contribute $3,000 provided a similar amount is given in addition to what has already been sent in. We have every reason to feel that this is far from being an impossible condition. If those who have not yet given—those who have been thinking of doing so, but for some reason have failed to act—will join in making one final effort, the magazine will be in a position to look to the future confidently. The sum of $3,000

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must, of course be trebled if the full amount needed to pay off indebtedness is to be secured. Here let us say once again that we are entirely familiar with reigning conditions. Very many of our readers are hardly in a position to pay for a subscription, let alone make a contribution.

There is every reason to believe that, granted a moderate return of business normalcy, THE COMMONWEAL will be able to to carry on henceforth without broadcasting cries for help. We sincerely hope so. Requesting funds is good for no one's soul, and is certainly detrimental to such work as this magazine was founded to perform. And if it were not possible to think that soon, at last, it would be reasonable to suppose THE COMMONWEAL fairly self-sustaining, we for our part see no reason why it ought to continue. From the beginning those most closely associated with the venture felt that ten years would tell the whole story. Then the stress of the past three years was, naturally enough, not foreseen. But the decade is now almost ended, and we are almost confident that the longevity of the venture can be assured.

To give expression to the gratitude which everyone here feels toward as zealous and patient a group of readers as was ever assembled would tax every resource of language to which we can lay claim. It is, therefore, better to say very little. "The art of living," says Franc-Nohain, "is to have lived in such a manner that people think of us sometimes, kindly and affectionately, and regret us a little." That sounds easy but is (as you all know) immensely difficult. But the art of issuing a magazine is even harder, because a magazine is either nothing or a living organism born of a compact between reader and editor. One is sterile without the other. Publishing things just because one likes them may be an interesting pastime, but it has nothing to do with a magazine. This is a matter of publishing things which one thinks worth while because other people think them worth while. An editor can commercialize this art and make of it a weak imitation of its true self, by publishing only what "appeals to many" —meanwhile putting his own tongue in his cheek.

We have tried honestly, with every means at our disposal, to practise the art as loyally as possible. Necessarily the performance has fallen short of the ideal by several hundred miles. Every published issue represents a disappointment to a conscientious editor, who knows how much better it would be if—well, if a thousand things were a little different. Nevertheless we know today that we have succeeded in a measure greater than we were legitimately entitled to expect. Why? Simply because the reader has not failed. He has learned to accept—as readers especially of Catholic journals seldom do—opinions with which he personally differs, in order that the views of others might have a hearing. He has coöperated with criticism, suggestion and sympathy. And beyond that he has done an even braver thing—he has given, in order that the hope he placed in THE COMMONWEAL might not die. Our thanks go out to him for his intention, which is likewise ours.

Yet we must add in conclusion that the problem is not yet completely solved. The success to date has, we must frankly say, astonished us. There was no good reason for believing that a little magazine, consciously dedicated to high aims and therefore precluded from having gained wide popularity, could elicit so great an amount of enthusiastic support. If we can find relatively just a little more help, the American Catholic may be, one thinks, congratulated upon having established a literary medium truly representative of his aims, ideas and cultural effort.

One of our friends has written: "At our Annual Communion Breakfast, sponsored by the local Holy Name Society, your very estimable weekly received honorable mention. In fact THE COMMONWEAL seemed to insist on taking the floor and keeping it. The outcome of this circumstance is that the spiritual director is joining the ranks of the one thousand individuals who not only like THE COMMONWEAL but who insist that it must continue its enlightened apostolate." It is this spirit upon which we have relied, and to which we are indebted for success.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE ENCYCLICAL addressed to the Church in Spain by Pope Pius is in reality a summary of the anti-religious events which have occurred since the deposition of the king. These began with deeds of violence and are now brought to a virtual halt by laws which go far beyond anything involved in the term "separation between Church and State." Despoiled of property, subjected to the constant interference of government officials, hampered in the conduct of monastic life and restrained from teaching and other forms of action, Spanish Catholicism is clearly the victim of what the Sovereign Pontiff defined as a movement of hatred. It would be easy to affirm, we believe, that these laws come not from the people themselves but from a group elevated to power by reason of the collapse of the monarchy. That the close alliance between the Church and the Crown in the Spain of yesterday was a misfortune we do not deny, any more than it is reasonable to doubt that the association between Jewry and high finance in Germany is in part responsible for what has happened there. The threats to human liberty are the same in all countries. And it is our business once again to resolve that the tradition of freedom and of mutual re-

Religious Strife in Spain

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spect established in America by the efforts of our fathers shall not be weakened in any respect whatever. This is far less easy a task than protesting against the defections of others—though that has value—but it is also a far more important one.

Business Going Up

MOST of us have no doubt been waiting with bated breath to see whether prices would go up and also whether business would show any marked improvement. The graph of the stock market prices has consistently since the bank holiday been mounting. In one of our favorite evening papers it has been necessary to add a new section at the top of the graph to take care of the ascending curve. Actually, the rise of stocks in May has added $5,658,000,000 to the aggregate quoted market value of all shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and the rise from March 1 has added a total of $12,773,000,000. Needless to say this represents an enormous increase in purchasing power and should help materially to better business and thereby in time, as the effect percolates, the material condition of producers and the prospects of the unemployed. A bloc of the public with margin for more than mere necessity buying, could renew the healthy circulation of commerce again.

RETAIL prices, as far as we can judge, apparently have not yet started up, though the stores keep hammering away on the advisability of buying now before prices do rise. It has seemed even that retail prices of clothing, for instance, have dipped a little in a final desperate flurry of price cutting to bring in some trade. The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has reported an increase of 22 percent in production this April over a year ago and a steady increase in sales. The National Association of Wool Manufacturers likewise says that conditions are improving, "more people are employed, production is increasing, sales are larger and prices have been advanced to meet the advancing prices of wool." The American Iron and Steel Institute reports, "Increased operations have resulted in employment gains and larger earnings for workers. Steel operations have increased continuously since the last week in March." The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America and the American Petroleum Institute were not so hopeful, while the canners and meat packers associations and the National Retail Dress Goods Association declared that in their line there was a "definite up-turn in sales." There is a reasonable ring to all of these statements that makes us accept them at par. Prosperity may not be around the corner, but we think a slow, general improvement is definitely started and may be accelerated by events in the near future.

Youth and the Present

IN DISCUSSING "The Crime against Youth" perpetrated, in his opinion, by organized, materialistic America, Rollo Walter Brown, in the *Atlantic,* yields to the weakness of personifying the villain of the piece. "The middle-aged" whom he indicts are surely as much the victims of the present dispensation as are the young who directly suffer at their hands. But, with the qualifications suggested by this remark, the article ought to be pondered as a serious and very worth-while analysis of the situation in our society today. The trouble, as Mr. Brown truly says, far antedated the depression. It consisted in the ordering of our whole social system about the idea of profit, organization and efficiency, with a consequent undervaluing and suspicion of the restless, the zealots, the askers of questions—in a word, of individuals. The young, who as a group display these salubrious if uncomfortable tendencies more than any other group, have therefore been regimented and relegated as much as possible. The period of their formal education has been stretched out to cover a longer and longer portion of the vital early twenties when, as history repeatedly shows, untrammeled genius is most likely to get under way. And their marriage time has been postponed, further impairing their development as individuals and hence the fulness of their possible service to society.

THE CHIEF difference made by the depression, Mr. Brown continues, has been that now the bait is gone. Formerly the young were kept in subjection by "the middle-aged," and subtly brought to surrender the ideals natural to their time of life, by the promise of a share in the material rewards of the system. Now "the middle-aged" see that there is not enough to go around, so they are simply kicking the young out: out of jobs, out of promotions, out of college to an increasing extent, and already in some instances that promise to multiply, out of high schools. Whatever incidental criticism one may feel about the dramatic excess of this indictment, we repeat, should not be allowed to blind one to the enormous importance of the warning it conveys. These, roughly but very really, are the facts. The diminished rewards and opportunities of the immediate present are concentrated, inevitably, in the hands of those already established and secure. The mere material problem resulting, as it affects the young, is enormous. The threatened spiritual loss, both to the youthful individual and to the society deprived of what he might give, is beyond calculation. Only the Church, it is both tragic and consoling to reflect, out of the whole of present civilization still seems to understand youth. Only the Church still prizes its precious idealism, still knows its fine impatience of endowed conformity, still invites it to make lofty

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flights. Catholic youth still continue yearly, in multitudes, to seek the joyous immolation of the religious life which is the first of all roads to individual freedom and social service. And if society does not relearn this lesson from the Church, wastage and ruin await it quite certainly.

Ladies of Charity

THIRTY-SIX MILLION DOLLARS were spent on home relief in New York City alone in 1932 and more than this has already been spent in New York in the first five months of this year. In spite of it we are treated daily to stories of riots by evicted persons and marches of unemployed under various banners to City Hall, Union Square, the Battery and unnamed places. Horrible need as well as truly heroic efforts to supply the need here are two aspects of a microcosm of the situation all over the country. In it we can attempt to visualize the work of some three thousand Catholic Ladies of Charity, whose thirty-first annual meeting was held recently and from whose annual report we shall quote. The Reverend Bryan J. McEntegart, Moderator of the Ladies of Charity, describes their acts of corporal mercy and spiritual charity as follows: "Families have been visited and helped with gifts of food, clothing and furniture. Rent has been paid. Toys and dinners were distributed at Thanksgiving and Christmas time. Children have been cared for in nurseries while their mothers were working or trying to get work. Children, who had to be removed from their own families temporarily, have been sheltered. Fresh air vacations have been arranged for needy little ones. . . . Baptisms have been arranged for, marriages have been validated, men and women have been brought back to the sacraments. Children have been prepared for confession and First Communion. Patients in hospitals have been visited. Those in prison have been encouraged."

MISS TERESA R. O'DONOHUE, President, reports in a manner indicating the set-up of organization: "Every Parish Center and Auxiliary has labored long and faithfully to lessen the sufferings, both mentally and physically, of the countless numbers of men, women and children." As she pointed out in her address at the meeting, the services of the Ladies of Charity could not be accurately shown by money expended or recorded hours of devoted work, for much of what they did themselves and much that they through their organized and disciplined example prompted and assisted others to do, was not reported. The care of helpless children, of the sick poor and the destitute these women provide now, actually, laboriously, at the cost of sacrifice to themselves, without waiting to expound social panaceas for a future elysium on earth where want and suffering and injustice, and wilful tyrannies and tyrannies of circumstance, shall have been eliminated.

The Vice Squad Again

THE DIFFICULTY of maintaining satisfactorily what is called a "vice squad"—a body of plainclothes men who obtain evidence bearing upon the various cases designated by the title, usually by trickery—is obvious. Theoretically, this method of protecting society from those who prey on it under cover, is perfectly legitimate, and often indispensable. Actually, it is open to so many opportunities of corruption and abuse and its relation to the canons of evidence in the ideal law court is so far short of ideal, that it must always be agreed that society takes, in the long run, a very high moral risk for this particular mode of moral protection. At the very least, constant watchfulness of the "vice squad" workings is necessary; and the need of it is much increased when any system of special rewards, which may almost be called bonuses, might seem to constitute a temptation to framing or faking evidence, or an incitement to bribe-taking. New York still vividly remembers the noisome exposures of some of these practices, in connection with the Seabury investigation—exposures which led Commissioner Mulrooney to curtail the squad's powers under a central command. Commissioner Bolan's restoration of them to the jurisdiction of district inspectors made judicious citizens very thoughtful; and the current announcement that the vice squad police who are "outstanding in obtaining evidence" will be specially rewarded in contrast to all other policemen, will not decrease that thoughtfulness. It is not intended to suggest that these men are other than decent, duty-doing officers; but it is as well for both them and us to keep in mind the very real dangers of their system.

The Life of the Soul

THE PRESENTATION of Christian doctrine is one of the most ambitious as it is certainly one of the most difficult among literary tasks. Essentially the matter here dealt with is spiritual—that is, but poorly compatible either with the images which form the stock in trade of the imagination or with ordinary processes of reasoning that tend to make something very much alive appear formal and conventional. Mankind tires quickly of analogies devised for the expression of truth, as the history of art proves. But "statements" of doctrine age even more rapidly. That reality over and above demonstration of which Cardinal Newman made us all conscious is never wholly caught in the meshes of a syllogism. Accordingly the old verities need to be said over and over again in fresh ways, for the poor in spirit as well as for those who relish literary expression.

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An excellent instance is "The Art of Living with God," by the Most Reverend Joseph Busch (Benziger Brothers. $1.50). If we signal out this book for special notice, it is because we find it extraordinarily valuable and instructive. The deepest tenets of the Catholic faith are here expounded in language understandable by all and with a conviction which kindles responsive fervor.

BISHOP BUSCH declares that "the fact of grace is the very foundation of Christ's religion." It is not with us a question of having been given beliefs and commands; it is rather a question of having been given, of being in constant receipt of, the power to understand and do what human nature as such would necessarily fail to know or to accomplish. This power comes through "association of the Holy Ghost with the human soul," and is therefore the result of what must be defined as "life in union with God." When approached from this point of view, the sacraments and indeed the Church itself can be seen in the true light, not as mere "practical conveniences" or "institutions" but as veritable forms of life. The Bishop is, of course, a learned and reverent theologian, but he succeeds in presenting his material in such a way that no one, even among the simple, is unable to follow the reasoning. We rejoice in the evidence that such a book affords of the vitality of Catholic life in the United States and in the good which it is certain to do.

Laborers All

WHILE our social institutions seem to be now suddenly in a state of flux before their reformation along new lines to provide a social organism adapted to twentieth-century mass production and improved distribution facilities, it was of interest to us to note recently Dr. John A. Ryan's long, sustained connection with improving the social conditions of the American worker. Testifying before the Committee on Labor of the House of Representatives when it had under consideration the proposed minimum wage amendment to the thirty-hour week legislation, Dr. Ryan recalled that it is almost thirty-three years since he began to work in behalf of the establishment of a decent minimum wage by legislation, and that he wrote one of the first of such laws, that enacted by the state of Minnesota in 1913. Before the committee he sought to answer the objection raised by President Green of the American Federation of Labor that the establishment of a uniform minimum wage would injure organized labor because management of industry would seek to have the minimum also the maximum. Dr. Ryan considered this the expression of concern for the welfare of a better paid minority at the expense of protection for an underpaid majority, and said it was his opinion that rather than depreciating union wage scales, a minimum wage scale would help by lessening low-wage competition. It would safeguard those least able to help themselves and would provide further for that desideratum of the present, increased purchasing power.

DOCTOR AND PATIENT

THAT we are in grave danger as a people of indulging in another moratorium of common sense must be evident from every bulletin that emanates from Washington or New York. It is, of course, impossible to doubt the vigor and skill with which the President set to work in an hour when general confidence was paralyzed and the whole economic structure of the United States seemed about to crash. Yet there is a simple, homely truth which needs to be repeated again and again as being the fundamental axiom of the country's life. No President ever has or ever can "decide" what is going to be done or what is going to happen. Our social structure is not built that way. The economic functions of the government are so circumscribed and so badly organized that the hard "national" inlay so discernible in British or German business is not to be found here.

The separate economic groups have *political* representation in the Congress, which is a center where all bargain for advantages. It is the business of the President to help Congress arrive at decisions which are legal and as beneficial as possible to the nation as a whole. When times are fairly good, the business transacted is limited to matters of minor consequence, or to "moral" issues like prohibition or disarmament which cause a great deal of talk but do not affect the fundamentals of industrial life. But just as soon as times are bad—and, as all of us know, they have been very bad—the Capitol becomes a place where lusty blows are struck.

During the years of Mr. Hoover's incumbency we saw a Congress with which the Chief Executive could do very little. It was also, however, a frightened Congress, so that such decisions as were arrived at wore in the end a decent amount of the clothing of administration thought. After the great Democratic victory, people widely assumed that under vigorous leadership a new unity of purpose between White House and Capitol had been achieved. It is now time to ask whether this agreement is a reality or a mirage. To be sure, no reply can be given with a claim to absolute finality. One can only surmise from the record what the pull of underlying forces has been.

Superficially regarded, Mr. Roosevelt's administration looks a little like dictatorship. We are accustomed to reading that bills offered the Congress have been endorsed with relatively slight opposition. But an examination of those measures seems to indicate that antagonism has been circumvented by a qualified acceptance of what the

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Democratic majority desired. The most popular and typical Democrats in both Houses have seen their most cherished plans written into law, with the difference that the legislation is permissive rather than mandatory. Mr. Roosevelt has the power to deal with the nation's money, credit, banking structure, farming and industry in ways appealing to the most wild-eyed Southern reformers. The sole question remaining is whether the powers thus granted will actually be used.

Suppose we look some of these moves over carefully. Congress has invested the President with authority to do anything he likes with the dollar. "Any one of the three main powers granted to the President under the Thomas Amendment to the Farm Bill," writes Dr. Benjamin M. Anderson, jr., in a brochure containing articles reprinted from the *Chase Economic Bulletin,* "would, if fully used, generate so wild and uncontrollable a flight from the dollar, so wild and uncontrollable a speculative boom, that disasters far worse than any we have yet known would follow." This hails from a conservative source, but if history and logic possess any meaning the statement is correct. The nature and scope of these powers is far greater than most believers in a mild dose of "inflation" are willing to admit. If we optimistically assume that the administration is trying to scare people into getting off a cash basis and reinvesting their money, meanwhile preparing to halt the decline of the dollar at the psychological moment, no great danger lies in the offing.

But the picture is not so simple as that. The law suspending gold payments on federal bonds with retroactive intent hardly looks like a mere weapon to be used at the coming Economic Conference. It can only mean two things: first, that the government is preparing for wholesale repudiation of debts by foreign nations and will therefore do more than a little repudiating of its own; second, that all gold is being retained in order to keep, if possible, a huge total of credit to be issued from looking too entirely like paper. If these steps are actually being contemplated in Washington, the effort to arrive at economic order will take a course which the student can only view with alarm and dismay. For the total effect would be raising commodity prices to the "1926 level" or some level far more fantastic, while business as a whole would be caught in the toils of a cheap dollar the fluctuations of which no one could predict.

Debased and fluctuating currency has never benefited trade, whether import or export. Long ago one of the first and still one of the greatest among Catholic economists, Juan de Mariana, challenged the thinking of a Spanish government which sought to escape from the toils of debt by issuing cheapened money. We think that if he were alive today he would, having been trained in sound, traditional logic, similarly oppose the trend we are now witnessing. For that trend is antisocial. It must necessarily destroy values—accumulations of labor and savings—not for the wealthy whose financial power is sufficiently large and mobile to adapt itself to new conditions, but for the citizen of modest means, tied by the very nature of things to a small amount of capital or a job. A threat to this citizen is decidedly not a blow at unemployment or depression. It is solely and simply what it has always been in history—a wallop calculated to knock out the middle class.

The Congress which has been willing to express its desires in terms of "permissive legislation" of incalculable import is primarily an agrarian Congress. It is thinking in terms of the farmer who has watched the price of wheat and hogs go down while the interest charges on land mortgages have remained. We have every sympathy for this farmer. But when it is proposed that the advantages he seeks—that is, a rise in commodity prices and a cheap dollar with which to pay off debts—are to be gained at the expense of the country as a whole, we are obliged to demur. It is, first of all, not true that the farmer has been in any especial way the victim of economic futility. His mortgages are not unique. "Debts on urban real estate, increasing 500 percent between 1922 and 1929," says a statement prepared by the Twentieth Century Fund, "now total $35,000,000,000 and constitute the largest single class of long-term obligations weighing on the United States. Urban real estate debt is three times the farm debt, concerning which far more furor is raised in Congress, and is now estimated at 58 percent of the present value of all urban real estate. As a result of the increasing gap between fixed charges and a declining income, 60 percent of urban mortgages and real estate securities are now estimated to be in difficulty." Nor is it possible that even the most fanatical are unaware that the decline of the income of large sections of the urban population has been quite as drastic as the decline of rural incomes.

Does urban income call for a policy of inflation? To a certain extent the debt situation could be eased, of course, by cheap money. But high prices plus cheap money would be disastrous. There is not a city or town budget in the country which could stand the pressure of advanced costs in the face of earnings which no amount of speculative booming can raise to suitable levels in a hurry. In just the same way there are far too few domestic budgets which could endure that strain. How then talk of raising commodity prices in a world where the purchaser of commodities would be worse off than he is now? We mention these facts because it is yet far from clear that the President is actually getting a good bargain out of Congress, and because it is necessary that the best possible bargain be secured if the nation is to keep going.

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RECONSTRUCTING AN ELEPHANT

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

What has happened to the Republican party? Undoubtedly it has been something of a wreck but, says Mr. Murphy in the following paper, "the Democrats will reorganize it." Conceding that the remark sounds a bit unusual, he then outlines what is being done at the present time by the forces of Mr. Hoover and other G.O.P. cohorts. There emerges a panorama of personalities known to the Washington correspondent, but far too frequently and quite most openly ignored by the average citizen.—The Editors.

THE DEMOCRATS will reorganize the Republican party.

That may sound like an anomaly to those who get their politics out of text-books; to those who believe that idealism in a scholastic sense has much to do with the fundamentals of statecraft, so called. The boys who will do the job know better. They have had their idealism anviled down to the essence of hard practical common sense. Politics is a business for them. It has just about the same foundation in ideals as the hardware business. A hardware merchant will plan his reorganizations and expansions on the basis of the market for his wares and the competition he must meet. That is exactly what the defeated Republicans will do. That is what they have to do. For that reason, much of the talk you hear about this man or that being the leader or the presidential candidate four years hence is either buncombe-with-a-purpose or idle twaddle.

Go back to 1928 for your lesson. The Republicans reorganized the Democratic party between 1928 and 1932 with their own mistakes—and some contributing assistance from the hand of fate. After their 1928 victory the Republicans chose to make the mistake of adopting the highest tariff bill in history. They might have been able to get away with it in normal times. But the depression came along, smashing the "Alice in Wonderland" system, mistakenly called prosperity. It became certain that if there was to be an economic restoration it would have to be helped by a revision of trade barriers among nations. Even then the Republicans refused to see the light until it was too late. Also, Mr. Hoover and the other Republican leaders chose to play ball with the professional dry leaders who had served the party so efficiently in 1928. They were also caught short in that alliance. The same is true of the agriculture and power issues.

Everything they did gave the Democrats issues and coalesced every discontented element in the Democratic ranks. That was the biggest element in the reorganization job. A brilliant Democratic publicity campaign helped to take advantage of the coalition of discontent and to make it articulate. Then Providence or some other power—certainly neither the Republicans nor the Democrats—brought on the depression and continued it and the job is complete.

Now the Democrats today are much more likely to reorganize the Republican party effectively than were the Republicans to reorganize the Democratic party in 1928. After all, the Republicans had some veteran and wise leaders in Congress in 1928. Mr. Hoover's penchant for Boy Scouts in important positions handicapped the Old Guardsmen who knew what it was all about, but nevertheless the Old Guards were there as stabilizers—Watson and Smoot and Reed in the Senate, Longworth and Tilson and Snell in the House.

But the Republicans and the depression reorganized the Democratic party and returned it to power in 1932. They did it despite the fact that the Hoover administration started off with, probably, the most auspicious prospects of any administration in recent years. The country was prosperous, or thought it was. Mr. Hoover enjoyed public confidence to an unusual degree. There were substantial Republican majorities in both Senate and House—not too large to be effective but large enough, if handled properly. They could have been handled properly. Borah, Brookhart and the other insurgents who fell away later, were all enthusiastic riders on the Hoover bandwagon in 1928. All except Norris of Nebraska.

Consider now the situation of the Democrats as that party cut the cards for the "new deal." Prosperity was still "around the corner"—maybe two corners. Mr. Roosevelt had been elected after a traditional Donnybrook and some of the bruises had not healed. He had promised things which in 1936 might seem as fantastic as Mr. Hoover's abolition of poverty and two cars in every garage sounded in 1932. The Democratic majorities in the Senate and House are so large as to be unwieldly and their composition makes them particularly unreliable. They include men who were taken from the bread line and sent to Washington, besides the normal complement of demagogues who always thrive on depressions. Team work has never been a Democratic forte anyway. Even in the Seventy-second Congress where most of the Democrats in the House were veterans, the machine refused to function on several notable occasions—the sales tax, the economy bill, prohibition repeal, to mention a few. Mr. Roosevelt's birch rod subsequently corrected some of these slips.

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If the Roosevelt administration eventually is swept off its feet by the horde of its new allies from the West, if the Democrats go the whole hog on currency inflation, redistribution of wealth, an unemployment dole, agricultural subsidies like the domestic allotment plan—then the Republican reorganization will take advantage of those moves. The opposition will be conducted on conservative lines. On the other hand if the conservative elements of Democracy subdue the Huey Longs, the Wheelers, the Rankins, the Patmans, the Republicans will be forced to take the other side and try to rebuild their fortunes in the farm states where they held sway so long and so incongruously.

If the Democrats maintain their converts' zeal against prohibition, if repeal becomes an actuality or thereabouts under Democratic auspices, then the Republicans may try to salvage the dry remnants and enlist what recruits may be produced by a return of the open liquor traffic. If the Democrats falter on this issue, then the Republicans can go wet with enthusiasm, which would be a break for the Republicans. A wet program would fit in perfectly with their normal strength in the conservative Eastern seaboard states. Meanwhile, they are released from the responsibility of making decisions. They can go where they will. Freedom of movement is a maneuver always reserved for the attacking force—never for the defense. But who will lead the attack? Will it be in the hands of the lately defeated field marshal?

Until Calvin Coolidge died it seemed like a good bet that the reorganization would center around his unscathed personality. Not that there was much likelihood that he would have been the presidential candidate in 1936 or that he would have wanted that honor. His function would have been rather that of a rallying standard, a battle flag which had never dipped in defeat. Moreover, Mr. Coolidge was in a position to take charge of the reorganization. That is a fact that is generally overlooked, as illustrated by constant assertions that, of course, Mr. Hoover controls what is left of the party machine through the National Committee.

The Chairman of that National Committee is Everett Sanders, former secretary to Mr. Coolidge, and made National Chairman by Mr. Hoover at the suggestion of Mr. Coolidge, in order to present the semblance of a united front in the 1932 campaign. Whether he ever realized just what he let himself in for is immaterial now that Mr. Coolidge has been removed by death. But had Mr. Coolidge lived, his Mr. Sanders and himself would have made the ideal nucleus of reorganization. His participation would have reassured all the conservative elements which, normally, form the backbone of Republicanism. They would have come trooping back to the G.O.P. at the first opportunity and, by 1936, their fortunes might have been sufficiently mended to make their reënlistments worth while.

But Mr. Coolidge is dead. Because of that fact it is probable that Mr. Hoover does actually control the National Committee today.

As this is written, Mr. Hoover contemplates a year's political hibernation at Palto Alto. Theoretically, he is remote from Washington and out of the picture politically. That is the theory but the actuality may be different. Mr. Hoover's confidential agent, Mr. Lawrence Richey, has an office in the Shoreham Building in Washington, which houses most of the important attorneys, lobbyists and under-cover men in the capital. So long as he remains in Washington Mr. Richey will be looked upon as the right or left hand of Mr. Hoover.

Oddly enough, the Shoreham Building also contains the office of Edward T. Clark, confidential secretary to Mr. Coolidge when the latter was President. Mr. Clark has been there since Mr. Coolidge left the White House. He has been the representative of a Massachusetts drug company and has been practising law. In between those jobs he practised the cause of Mr. Coolidge and its relations to the Republican party. He was called to the White House and to Mr. Hoover's Rapidan fishing camp on several occasions which had no conceivable connection with the drug industry in Massachusetts or with the practice of law in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Richey surely can have no cause for complaint if others now look upon his office in the Shoreham Building in much the same light as Mr. Clark's occupancy of an office in the same building. Death is the only instrument which can sever such relationships as those between Mr. Clark and Mr. Richey and their respective chiefs.

So Mr. Hoover, in Palto Alto, is no more remote from Washington than Mr. Richey's office in the Shoreham Building. Mr. Hoover knows how to use a telephone, and he knows how to use Mr. Richey. By virtue of Mr. Coolidge's death, therefore, Mr. Hoover is by no means out of the picture for 1936. Probably he cannot get the nomination himself even if he wants it. But at least it appears he intends to have something to say about who can have it. His influence will be in a general way like that of Mr. Coolidge during the years since the latter left the White House. It will be the influence of a retired elder statesman. There will be just one difference. Mr. Coolidge retired when he was on the crest of the wave. His name was always associated with success. Mr. Hoover's name lacks the power and the luster among the party workers that ordinarily go with a champion, retired, undefeated.

It is possible, but not probable, that the country will get back during the next four years to things Mr. Hoover advocated. Even if it does, the lightning will hardly hit the same tree again. Too

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many other men are standing around waiting. One of those who has his head up higher than the rest is former Senator and now Representative James M. Wadsworth of New York.

Wadsworth is that rarest of public men—an absolutely honest and fearless conservative. He refused to compromise on prohibition which he always said was a "fraud," and his timorous party in New York deserted him—to make certain the election of the wet Democrat, Senator Wagner. Wadsworth is one of the ablest men who have held public office in Washington in the past twenty years. He is still comparatively young and vigorous. His neighbors in western New York decided he had to come back to public life in 1932, so they elected him to Congress despite the Democratic landslide.

In 1934 New York will be called upon to elect a governor and a senator. If Wadsworth should be elected to either office, watch out for him as a presidential possibility in 1936. In the meantime he is being heard from in the House, where he is counted upon to restore some backbone to a Republican leadership which has been on top so long it has forgotten how to fight from the bottom.

But suppose the Democrats go to the Right and thus force the Republicans to the Left. Neither Mr. Wadsworth nor Mr. Hoover would fit into that picture. Left wing Republicans of national reputation are scarce, unless the party should go so far as to embrace men like Norris, Borah or La Follette. Borah and Norris will be too old for presidential candidates in 1936. Couzens of Michigan is disqualified because he was born in Canada. La Follette is still a bit too young, although in times of upheaval the youngsters come to the top. However, it will require a major stretch of imagination to send the Democrats far enough to the Right to compel the Republicans to go that far to the Left.

There are other possibilities—and better. There is Ogden Mills, Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury. He is out of a job and may have to sell apples—not to sustain himself but to keep his name in the papers. With millions left even in these days and with abilities that are recognized even by the opposition, Mills is peculiarly all dressed up with no place to go just now. Appointive offices are closed to him by a Democratic administration; there will be no chance for him to seek elective office until 1934. In that year he will have the same chance open to Wadsworth to contest for the governorship or a senatorship in New York. In the meantime, however, Wadsworth has the House as a public forum and Mills has no forum. Mills might elect to put up badly needed funds to buy hay for the elephant during the forthcoming lean years. However, that is not an encouraging prospect. A party always welcomes an angel when its treasury is depleted; and usually boots him downstairs in well simulated righteous indignation as soon as it doesn't need him any longer. Mills has a strong following in the East and about as strong an opposition in the West.

Then there is Mr. Hoover's Secretary of War, the handsome and wealthy Patrick J. Hurley of Oklahoma. He is another potential angel and that would seem to be about the only opportunity he has just now to retain the limelight. He hasn't the inherent strength that Mills has, but might be slightly less objectionable on the prairies.

Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon and Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York, Republican floor leaders of the Senate and House, are slated to be the mouthpieces of Republican reorganization regardless of who pulls the strings. The little blocs of senators and representatives which they lead are all that is left of the party in official position.

McNary is a presidential possibility; no more than that just now but certainly that. He is in a peculiarly advantageous position with friends among both conservatives and liberals alike. Probably his most intimate friend in the Senate is Hiram Johnson of California, who bolted the Republican ticket in 1932. Another intimate friend is Jim Watson of Indiana, erstwhile flagpole of the Old Guard, with whom McNary, as assistant leader, was able to work harmoniously. McNary can prove by his voting record that he has worked to help almost every conceivable element of the population. And he is about the shrewdest politician in the Senate today.

Snell would seem to be less fortunately situated. About the utmost he can hope for is the speakership of the House if that body ever goes Republican. He has been so closely allied to the conservative group that a party swing to the Left would leave him embarrassingly isolated. He might even lose his floor leadership. Snell lacks imagination and an opposition leader needs that more than anything else. His only effective weapon is public opinion. If he can't think up schemes to put the dominant majority in bad with the public, he will not make much progress, and that requires imagination. Snell will have to take on a good press agent to get very far as minority leader, though he would make an excellent speaker or majority floor leader. As a presidential possibility he is not prominent in the picture. But there is the Vice-Presidency.

So the prospects of the various potential candidates in 1936 as well as the form of the Republican organization itself, depend upon what mistakes and what kind of mistakes the Democrats make. No one doubts that they will make a great many. The Democrats and Providence will decide, and there is a long-standing belief in Washington that heaven has a Republican majority.

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LITURGY AND RECOVERY: II

By WILLIAM MICHAEL DUCEY

IN AN article entitled as above in THE COMMONWEAL of Feb. 8, an attempt was made to set forth a program of recovery based upon sound liturgical principle and practice. Through the writer's fault perhaps, a number of conflicting reactions thereto have resulted, ranging from the opinion of one correspondent who saw in it another sly attempt to bulldoze all eligible and pious Catholics into joining some religious order, to a comment printed in a German Catholic weekly that was even more surprising. The editor of said magazine, delighted at the fact that Americans were still coming to Germany to learn things, epitomized the article as an attempt to link up liturgy with sound Catholic culture, putting it in the same category as the products of the Liturgical Arts Society! While the writer has certainly no objections to being placed in such excellent company, and while he does believe that without a greater influx of religious vocations, liturgy cannot be restored to its pristine strength and beauty as an element in the daily lives of all Catholics, he confesses to a feeling of some chagrin at this impression of confusion. Clarity and precision of thought should be aimed at by every writer, above all by those who attempt to describe and explain that vast world of thought and life that is the liturgy. But perhaps this latter aspect is partially to blame for the variety of reaction: the wide range and sweep of liturgy over against human life cannot adequately be confined within the narrow limits of a popular essay, and on the other hand easily admits of too particularized interpretation on the part of those students unable sufficiently to disassociate themselves from preconceived notions and prejudices.

At any rate, a further attempt to clarify the atmosphere seems called for, if on a less ambitious scale. The social order may be indeed suffering principally either from a downright ignorance of, or serious mental confusion about, what Christ is saying and doing every day through those mystic vehicles of His word and action that make up the liturgy of the Catholic Church. The question arises: what particular ways and means should we adopt toward a complete realization of the liturgical ideal thus presented? The issues involved are vast and broad and deep. I will first clear away a few preliminary difficulties, and then perhaps a categoric reply to the problem will present itself spontaneously.

As the first preliminary, let me again refer to the example of the Abbey of Maria-Laach, from which milieu this is being written. Abbot Herwegen and his monks should be, of all people in the world, supremely interested in reaching a happy solution of the problem, bearing as it does so intimately upon the life and work to which they have been consecrated. But they have steadfastly refused to take "active" part in the so-called "liturgical movement" here in Germany, the immediate supervision and personal direction of it having been carried on by zealous workers outside, who come here for guidance and inspiration. This is no doubt as it should be: the life and work of the Benedictine monk being essentially restricted to the cloister and to contemplation. But especially is this seclusion necessary when one wishes to assimilate adequately, appreciate profoundly, the riches of liturgy. Here the chief text-book is Holy Writ, the Teacher Our Lord Himself speaking through mystic sign and symbol that carry their message best only to those hearts attuned to the voice of His Holy Spirit, so ill heard amid the turmoil of the world. And since most souls must carry on amid that turmoil, and therefore be exposed continually to its distractions and superficialities, Laach has considered her most valuable contribution to the needed liturgical revival, the preservation of the liturgical fountains in all their purity and fullness. A centering of Catholic life more closely around institutions such as this, to draw from them, as did the faithful in more ancient and radiant days, those solid principles of prayer and work that are the basis of all true Christian living, would perhaps bring us nearer to the solution of our problem.

Secondly, it must be distinctly understood by all enthusiasts that liturgy cannot be restored to the people in the fullest sense, by means of a movement organized and promoted according to modern standards. The liturgical movement in Germany and that in America, as well as similar ones in other nations, cannot and must not be regarded as "movements" in the sense of being organized on a wide scale by some central agency, and so directed and promoted. This would be to misunderstand and perhaps defeat the very ends for which liturgy exists, which are, fundamentally, the setting-up of Christ as our only Leader and Guide, the single directive and strengthening Force in our lives. Christ and all that He says and does must ever be the center of liturgy. No set of rules and by-laws, however immediately derived from His teaching, can be substituted. Liturgy does not thrive on shibboleths and catchwords; it must subsist upon the teaching presented to each individual Christian by Christ speaking mystically through His Church and priesthood, at the particular moment of time, at the particular geo-

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graphical spot, at which that individual is existing. Liturgy is, in fine, something which lives and grows and produces its fruits in the restricted limits of a particular group of souls: a family, a parish, a religious community. Break down these limits, supplant them with the machinery of quick promotion, of sure-fire business methods and super-salesmanship (successful no doubt in many a present-day Catholic organization), and you have no longer sound liturgical progress. Therefore, in order to achieve the desired ends, liturgical enthusiasts will have to proceed very carefully. Delicate and thoughtful handling is required; and if, under the present difficult circumstances and ultra-modern habits of thought, something resembling a modernized movement may seem unavoidable in order to reawaken the minds of men as quickly and in as great numbers as possible to the blessed realities of liturgy, this must be regarded at best as a temporary expedient, to be cast aside as speedily as possible.

This view is supported and illustrated with startling clearness by the present situation in Catholic Germany. The Germans are noted organizers and also inveterate idealists, and German Catholics have applied these native talents of theirs to a great variety of pressing needs. The *Kirchliches Jahrbuch* reveals an array of "organization" statistics that cover all phases of social and cultural life. Nearly two hundred Catholic societies are now functioning, some national in scope, others provincial, and some confined within the divisions of ecclesiastical territory. Their aims range from the giving of material assistance to the poor, the sick, and the jobless, to the furtherance of sound cultural principles among educational groups. They support nearly one hundred organs of publicity, and about the same number of central headquarters. Then, too, the great Center party, though professedly non-confessional, is *de facto* a Catholic organization, engaging the interest and energies of large numbers of both clergy and laity.

Hence, there is no room in Germany for another "movement," except one designed to accomplish the most limited objectives. These Catholic organizations all serve the most necessary and praiseworthy ends, but their great number renders the dissemination of fresh ideas and principles, such as envisioned by the liturgical apostolate, impossible in any organized form. Moreover, such a situation tends to create an atmosphere that is positively opposed to the liturgical *modus operandi* already referred to, in that the directive impulse so often proceeds from the central board of officers and the organ of publicity, instead of from the parish priest and church, the normal unit of liturgical life. True, pastors are often constituted *ipso facto* the heads of the various local groups; but even this arrangement is not always satisfactory, as is evidenced by the not infrequent complaints of the clergy that their people are being distracted by such tasks to the detriment of sound parochial life and work, and that they themselves are becoming mere perfunctory cogs in a machine whose ponderous evolutions are manipulated from some head office in Berlin or Gladbach.

Be that as it may, the difficulties are obvious. Those who would otherwise be willing and able leaders in the necessary liturgical reawakening in Germany, are now so preoccupied with other (and more superficial) aspects of Catholic activity that it is physically impossible to count on them for anything more. A striking illustration of this was experienced by the writer, at a monthly gathering of the secular clergy in the deanery of Essen in the Ruhr. Two talks were featured, both excellent: one by the Prior of Maria-Laach, Dom Albert Hammenstede, who spoke on the liturgy, and the other by Father H. Muckermann, noted biologist from Berlin, who lectured on the proper Catholic view with regard to eugenics. The liturgical one came first on the program, and before one had a chance to assimilate it sufficiently, the second was occupying the stage, and crowding out all thoughts of liturgy in the interests of its own particular thesis. To effect a happy conjunction of the two exhortations, so as to carry out a harmonious plan of action in relation to the "crying needs" described by both, would require mental agility not to be looked for ordinarily in similar audiences.

All over Catholic Germany, lecturers both clerical and lay are numerous, eloquent and well-informed. Periodicals abound, that contain an amazing amount of scholarly, thoughtful treatment of topics coverings all phases of social, political, cultural life. But the liturgical propagandist is (relatively speaking) conspicuous by his absence, probably both because he has gotten a late start, and because it is so difficult and dangerous for him to adopt the same methods of propaganda. His only hope would seem to be in a "moratorium" of some kind being established affecting at least the most dispensable of Catholic movements and sufficiently long for him properly to establish himself; or failing that, to succeed in getting his program adopted bodily by one or other of the existing organizations as their main objective for the time being.

Something of this sort has recently occurred at Maria Laach. About three years ago, representatives of several Rhineland groups of the organization known as the Schutzenbruder, or Brotherhood of Marksmen, presented themselves to Abbot Herwegen for help in reorganizing the spiritual activities of their society. Organized far back in the middle ages, this association had as its main object the protection of home interests in the Catholic sense, i.e., the family, the parish, the com-

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munity. It rendered yeoman service in the wild days of the Protestant Reform, guarding its oft-isolated charges both from the physical incursions of the enemies of the Faith and from the moral and spiritual onslaughts of heretical doctrine. The need of protective action becoming less apparent with the passing of the centuries, especially under the church organization of the present, its high ideals had suffered from disuse. Its wealth of symbolism and military panoply had been preserved, but was fast developing into mere outward show. Hence the urgent need of reorganization, of getting a new spiritual outlook, if the association was to continue rendering the same high services to Church and home it had in the past. Its leaders regarded Laach as the ideal milieu in which to find the help they needed, for this community of men occupied precisely the same position in the ecclesiastical sphere they aimed to occupy in the lay. Above all, the same spiritual objectives inspired both: the maintenance of a high standard of living in respect to faith and morals, based upon the inspiration and help received from the daily celebration of the liturgical mysteries. With the monks, the starting-point of all their life and work was altar and choir, and with the Schutzenbruder it was the parish church, the Mass and Blessed Sacrament, and the celebration of the feasts of the Church. This happy coincidence of end and means was recognized and welcomed, and an agreement reached whereby Laach would sponsor the spiritual activities of the Brotherhood, particularly in the form of liturgical instruction. At regular intervals, delegations of the society's membership convene at the abbey for special conferences, usually given by Abbot Herwegen, and touching upon the application of liturgical ideas in family and parish life, strict emphasis, however, always being made upon the position to be occupied by the pastor as official head of the group of souls committed to his charge, in the actual carrying out of the principles enunciated.

How can America profit by this experience of Catholic Germany in respect to the longed-for liturgical revival? Obviously it seems, by first striving to avoid overorganization, an overcomplication of Catholic life and Catholic Action. Sodalities, pious unions, third orders, charitable associations and the like are certainly necessary adjuncts to a full carrying out of the social teachings of Our Lord, healthy evidences of a growing faith and of a greater consecration to the highest Christian ideals. But they are fundamentally only adjuncts, subsidiary phases in the great Christ-life of the Church, whose Founder and Head said that it is well to be "careful, and busy about many things," provided that we first take good care of the "one thing necessary." This "better part" we shall have chosen, cared for as we should, only when our minds and hearts are focused as much as possible upon the thoughts and actions of the Master as reflected in Mass and sacrament, feast and season of the liturgical year. If the more attractive or more obvious phases of Christian activity engage our best attention, if we are resting upon the periphery of the Christian circle, instead of penetrating right to its center and abiding there, then it is high time to change our course.

We have the example of Laach before us: an example which negates many of our cherished notions, but which may very well be the only practicable, safe way. Her policy of preserving the liturgical fountains for the benefit of all who come, is succeeding slowly, modestly, *suaviter et fortiter*. Perhaps in America, too, can be found Catholic organizations willing to forego some of their time-worn activities temporarily, in order to become impregnated once more with sound liturgical ideals at some such fountain-head.

There you have at least one answer, forthright and convincing, for this liturgical puzzle. Restore monastic life in all its breadth and depth, dot hillsides and valleys with those consecrated houses of prayer and praise that covered the landscape of Europe in the greatest days of Catholic history, and liturgical life will be restored simultaneously, and America will live up to her fullest potentialities as a strong bulwark of Catholicism, a shining examplar of true Christian faith and practice for all the world to follow. Feasible? No doubt at all: other critical periods in history have witnessed a like awakening, and there are currents in America today that only need to be caught and directed toward this goal. Thousands of bright, strong, eager men and women facing complete atrophy of mental and physical energy, disgusted with a bleak material culture, disillusioned with the sins of society and crimes committed in high places, are ready for this restoration! And the "spirit of God that moveth over the waters" will surely not be wanting.

Here is a possible road to recovery deserving thoughtfully to be pondered. It would lead to that same blessed peace and contentment of life for individuals, communities, cities, that it brought so unmistakably in days of yore. It would bring us nearer to that recovery Christ wants, "to restore all things in Him," as His Vicar on earth counsels.

Crosses

Scorned, spurned, and mocked I've been,
Derided and defied,
And I have been betrayed by one
For whom I would have died.

One cross I thought so bitter
No greater could befall,
Until I learned they suffer most
Who have no cross at all.

SISTER MIRIAM.

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THE ARTS OF THE CHURCH

By RAPHAEL HUME

IN ITS Small Church Exhibition now on view in the building of the Architectural League, New York, the Liturgical Arts Society presents a number of objects of varied ecclesiastical use, artistically designed and liturgically correct. These have been selected with particular thought to the economy and simplicity which usually are requirements in the equipment of a small parish church. By this exhibition the society wishes to show the error of the widespread belief that beauty and propriety are obstacles to economy, and to demonstrate that with due artistry and craftsmanship these desirable qualities can be retained, and that economy can better be served by the use of honest, simple materials and workmanship than by thinly disguised imitations of things more expensive, though often no more desirable.

The various objects in the exhibit are so well fitted to the purposes for which they are intended, and are designed in the most part with such artistic discretion, that no impression of forced economy is present. It is true that an artist's guidance, the sound material, and the decent workmanship necessary for this result, can be had only at the expense of omitting inessential details. But what a fortunate omission. There certainly is no requirement either canonical or aesthetic, that every little sanctuary must have its altar elaborated with reretable, gradines and reredos, all with amorphous pinnacles, cusps and molded panels (round topped for Romanesque or pointed for Gothic) crowded with flower vases among a forest of extraneous candlesticks, and hovered over by a pair of cast plaster angels on inadequate pedestals.

The simplicity arising from the omission of such details is the chief adornment of a small altar which occupies a prominent place in this display. Its design is reduced to fundamental liturgical requirements. A granite slab supported on five stone stipes, forms the table. On this are placed the six candlesticks and a bronze tabernacle enclosed within its all-seasonal veil of gold-colored silk. A polychrome crucifix is suspended behind it. This arrangement presents a lesson in proportion worth any designer's study. In a church of whatever size it seems difficult to give the altar a visual prominence at all commensurate with its actual importance. It can be set off with a reredos or baldachino, but these often appear as the ultimate unit of the design in which the mensa itself and the tabernacle are submerged. But in this example, against a dossal of subdued hue as a background, the bold silhouette of the table, the tabernacle of ample size, and the six strong vertical strokes of the comparatively massive candles arrest and concentrate the attention usually dissipated by detail necessarily small and therefore indistinguishable at the distance from which the altar is seen even in a small church.

The bronze sanctuary lamp standard near this altar is another example of the elegance of simple form. It is ornamented with small areas of champlevé enamel and delicately wrought bronze detail which, while not obscuring the graceful outline, give an example of unostentatious enrichment.

There is a wrought iron altar rail fortunately so simple in design as to illustrate perfectly how little elaboration is necessary to support good proportions when these are enhanced by the beautiful finish which good craftsmanship can produce. Railings of this type (which, by the way, should cost somewhat less than the price noted in the catalogue for this one would indicate) could well replace many of the marble rails generally seen in our churches, as these are usually so crudely made that they can be valued only for the supposed worth of their material. There are other examples of wrought iron work — hardware, candlesticks, fonts and other minor objects—well designed for the most part, but some of them have the objectionable cadmium finish used to make insufficiently worked iron more rust resistant. The old-fashioned burnt oil finish is about as effective a protection, and though quite a little labor and considerable skill are required to produce it, no other method can match it for beauty.

A set of oak clergy seats and prie-dieus are another example of the happy combination of intelligent design and sound workmanship. Their lines have a pleasant balance of grace and vigor effectively emphasized by restrained carved ornament. They are not unnecessarily bulky and the obviously solid construction worthy of their distinguished design adds greatly to their appearance.

The art of painting is well represented in the exhibition. It is regrettable that so effective a means of church decoration in its higher forms appears so seldom in our churches. The small model displayed in the exhibition of the larger triptych which was executed for St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, gives an example of an altar-piece which if used in a small church would make it practically unnecessary to add further decoration to the sanctuary. The two smaller triptychs, one of the Blessed Virgin, the other of the Crucifixion, the panels of Saint Christopher and of a Madonna, and the delightfully expressive pictures of Saint Agnes and Saint Margaret, are further examples of the various types of painting that can be used for this sort of decoration. It should not

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be thought that the conventionalized and archaic styles of many of these pictures are suggested merely by the artist's preference for the antique. Such a painting is intended to occupy a limited though prominent place in a complete decorative scheme, which itself must be of a formal nature as it is intended to provide an appropriate atmosphere and background for the ceremonial ritual of the sanctuary, while realistic painting may detract from the harmony of the desired atmosphere.

Though the examples of sculpture are necessarily small in size, the display is complete enough to show convincingly the superiority of freshly conceived and especially executed artistic work over the tiresome repetitions of the same old time-worn models, cast in plaster or copied in marble by foreign stone-cutters, and recognizable as art only in the customs house. The carved figures of Christ Preaching and of the Blessed Virgin have dignity of poise and serene beauty which is not marred by any touch of sentimentality. In each example there is a definite unity in which every element of the figure is made to contribute to the complete conception. These sculptors show a mastery of the apparently difficult technique of draperies, handling them with the definite and meaningful lines which characterized the best periods of Greek and Romanesque statuary. Small wood-carvings, a Fisherman Saint, and a Holy Family group, are excellent examples of modern simplicity of composition and vigorous technique which could be effectively applied to larger statues by a sympathetic artist.

It is not frequent that full advantage is taken of the decorative possibility of a set of Stations of the Cross. Failure in this respect is often due to the lack of the right number of locations in which they can be placed without crowding and with the desirable visual rhythm. But beyond this there is the difficulty of giving them such shape and color that they can be seen from afar. There is an example in this exhibition of a Station which is a notable feat of ecclesiastical designing, inasmuch as its striking decorative qualities are developed entirely from its symbolism and liturgical requirements. The fairly small picture is painted on a rectangular wood panel with a particular clarity of drawing and color which makes it quite legible from a considerable distance without the loss of a delightful refinement when seen upon closer view. From the four edges of this panel project the bright red arms of a large wooden cross. This arrangement effectively carries its significance to any distance from which it may be seen, and takes advantage of the decorative effect of the cross which, though the prime requirement of a Station, is usually inconspicuous.

One of the most effective ways of finishing a small sanctuary, and at the same time one of the least expensive, is by the use of fabric hangings. An almost unlimited variety is possible in this kind of decoration, due to wealth of color and texture available in the materials, to the combinations that can be made of them, and to the numberless ways in which the draperies can be arranged. The Altar with Cloth Hangings set up in the exhibition is about as simple an example of this kind of decoration as could be imagined, yet the dignity inherent in a well-proportioned arrangement of the unelaborated liturgical requirements is quite apparent. The red and blue of its color scheme are somewhat strident in its present setting, but this force seems measured to allow for the subduing effect of distance and modified lighting.

It is too bad that the excellent stained glass work we invariably see in exhibitions is not more frequently found in our churches. As a result mediocre work has gained a specious value for lack of condemning comparisons, and the makers of some of the most ordinary windows have widespread reputations while the names of many really good artists are seldom heard.

The examples of glass work in this exhibition are all of a high quality and will repay a more than cursory examination. They display in varying degrees the balanced richness of color, the graceful and expressive figure drawings, the intelligent use of symbolism and iconography, and the interesting intricacy of lead-work; all of which are marks by which good windows are distinguished. The two grisaille windows with medallions are probably the most successful in the exhibit, and it is interesting to note that this type of work, because the figures are confined to limited areas, is comparatively inexpensive.

The Liturgical Arts Society is to be congratulated upon the discriminating selection and excellent presentations of this exhibition. It shows how well the dignity and religious atmosphere so essential to the church can be developed by honest artistic effort controlled and guided by the requirements of the liturgy. Naturally its success depends upon the extent to which the public responds sympathetically. And here it is possible that many interested persons, despite their recognition of these artistic and liturgical principles, will fail to perceive the great superiority of this work to the customary varieties of church decoration and may prefer that which is familiar—a particular danger in this case, as the familiar may be associated in their memory with the powerful religious experiences of their youth which lend it a glamor to which objectively it is not entitled. Some may consider these effects too expensive for them to attempt to produce. But if one can afford but little, reduce quantity, not quality. Simplicity itself is a great adornment. Even when forced to omit some decoration that would add beauty to the church, poverty does not compel one to put in objects that vulgarize it.

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IS DISEASE HEREDITARY?

By JAMES J. WALSH

EVERY addition to our information with regard to cancer at the present time is of cardinal importance because that affection has come to have a place in mortality lists only just next to that of heart disease. It has become far more important now than consumption which, in Defoe's picturesque phrase, used to be, scarcely more than a generation ago, "the captain of the men of death." A recent announcement with regard to the non-heredity of cancer is one of the most encouraging advances in medical knowledge of our day. Three observers in the Institute of Cancer Research at Columbia University, who have for a dozen of years been investigating the question of the relationship of heredity to cancer, have come very definitely to the conclusion that there is no inheritance of the disease. This declaration that the disease does not run in families, supported as it is by some 50,000 observations, should lift a burden of apprehension from the minds of a great many people who have had relatives afflicted with the disease and have been led to believe that heredity is a prominent factor in the causation of the affection.

It is true that cancer is now so much more common than it used to be that the affection inevitably occurs among near relatives in the ordinary course of the diffusion of the disease. This is, however, mere coincidence and is not due to any family tendency. The principal predisposing cause for cancer is old age. Every year that a man or woman lives beyond the age of forty makes him or her just that much more likely to die of cancer. It is a disease of the devolution period when nature is preparing for the termination of existence by developing a series of degenerative processes. The increase in the frequency of cancer is due entirely to longer average age of humanity at the present time. The average age at death at the beginning of the second half of the nineteenth century was under forty years. The average age has come to be in our time nearly sixty years, and it is in this prolongation of life that cancer makes itself felt.

In spite of the assurance that as a rule cancer is not hereditary, a great many people have been extremely solicitous about it and some have actually lived in an atmosphere of dread because one or more of their relatives have suffered from this affection. It is no wonder then that Dr. Francis Carter Wood, director of the Institute of Cancer Research at Columbia University, goes so far as to declare that the conclusions of this particular cancer investigation represent "an extremely hopeful discovery," giving practical assurance to millions of people the world over that cancer is not hereditary.

We have had a series of most disturbing delusions as to the heredity of disease. A generation ago Koch's announcement that he had discovered the microbic cause of tuberculosis met with a cold reception, indeed what might well be called a negative response, even on the part of many physicians. A great many people who thought that they had a right to an opinion in the matter shook their heads and declared that tuberculosis was hereditary and to claim that it was due to a microbe and was therefore spread by contagion was entirely without foundation. One of the most distinguished physicians in New York, considered as one of the world's authorities on tuberculosis of the lungs, declared that Koch's supposed discovery of the bacillus tuberculosis only served to give a black eye to the claims which were being made on all sides at that time that most of the diseases of mankind were due to microbes.

Many believed there could be no possible doubt of the paramount influence of heredity in consumption. One medical exponent of the heredity theory of that period declared: "All you need to do in order to have the demonstration of the heredity of consumption is to visit the graveyard of any of the old-fashioned towns and read the gravestones. You will find the name of a father or mother who died before middle age and then not far away you will find a series of gravestones of brothers and sisters in the family plot who suffered from this disease and died between twenty and thirty. One or both parents suffered from the disease, the children inherited it from them, and the family burial plot tells the story of inevitable heredity sweeping practically all the members of the family untimely out of existence."

Unfortunately this persuasion of the inheritance of tuberculosis probably did more than any other single factor to make the disease so fatal as it was. Young adults would lose all hope when they developed the first symptoms, saying, "I cannot escape. It runs in the family." And they would make no effort to regain their health. Whereas it is now universally recognized that a brave facing of the affection in consumption is the best possible auxiliary in the treatment of the disease. Tuberculosis experts declared that "consumption takes only the quitters," that those suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis who give up hope and refuse to do what they are told almost inevitably are carried off by the disease, but they are the only ones. Those who cheerfully face the situation

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and faithfully follow directions given them in the matter of rest, fresh air and food, almost without exception are cured.

Once the idea of heredity was given up, the mortality from tuberculosis went down literally by leaps and bounds. During the first twenty-five years of the twentieth century the death rate from consumption was reduced by more than one-half, and the decline has continued. At the present time, not more than one in three sufferers from tuberculosis die of the disease. This reduction of the death rate is in great part due to the feeling of confidence in recovery, now that patients realize the disease is not hereditary.

Not only has the non-heredity of cancer and tuberculosis been determined, but similar conclusions are being reached with regard to all other important diseases. There was thought to be a very strong hereditary factor in epilepsy. So far as true epilepsy is concerned, experts are agreed that it is due in all cases to something that happens after conception and not before. Diseases therefore are not inherited, though deformities and anomalies may be. It must not be forgotten, however, that the Siamese twins married sisters and one of them had nine and the other six perfectly normal children.

A very interesting demonstration of the lack of anything like heredity in insanity is to be found in the fact that in identical twins one sometimes goes insane and the other remains perfectly normal. Identical twins are those always of the same sex who look so much alike that often for years it is impossible except for those who know them well to tell them apart. Their life history is that they were originally one being which became separated into two in a very early stage of development, and these two are such counterparts of each other that only the word identical describes them properly. If heredity meant anything in insanity, where one of identical twins went insane it would seem inevitable that the other should follow. It is the negative cases that are most important for the study of heredity. If an insane person has one or two relatives scattered over two or three generations who were insane, then there is said to be insanity in the family. At the same time there would be a dozen or often a score of relatives in those generations who were perfectly normal. Under the word insanity there is a jumble of affections at least as miscellaneous as under the word rheumatism.

What we need just now is to get rid of the bogy of heredity. It is a Brocken phantom that we have raised up for ourselves and that has served to disturb very seriously the state of mind and above all the courage of people who need all the power of will and intelligence they have for their battle with disease, whether it be physical or mental.

The Strange Children

Tristram Winship turned his thighs
To his fire openwise.
Nantucket's trees lay side by side
Upon the ground to make his bride
And children walls to cover them,
Here on the New World's very hem.
And now the stars were on the march
Across the forest's broken arch.
His children's children from this place
Would march away across the face
Of the land, unknown and dark,
That reared its bulk behind the spark
Of this solitary flame.
He had cut the Winship name,
His axe had made a little dent
Upon a vast new continent.

Tristram Winship did not know that he
Had come dry-shod a journey through the sea;
He was a simple man; he saw no hand
Leading him into a Promised Land.
He did not hear New Sinai thundering,
Nor hear four thousand miles of cornland sing
Under the forests. Tristram yearned to raise
A little Devon cottage for the days
Left to him, and make an English end.

Then in the darkness Tristram Winship heard
Wings that beat upon a mighty bird.
Upon the embers of his dying fire
An eagle threw his body in desire,
Screamed in rage and wonder, clutched a brand,
Bore it off above the darkened land,
Until the coal mixed with the stars, and thinned
The eagle's agony blent with the wind.
Tristram caught his breath in with his wonder,
As one who listens to a far-off thunder.
There was a sign and promise in this sight!—
A bird betrayed by red coals in the night.
His seeds, praise God! were strange and flaming ones,
There would be fierce bodies for his sons.
His sons would be strange beings touched with glory,
He stood at the door of a new story
Of the human race. His eyes were bright
With his burning embers and far sight,
His eyes were wild and beautiful with fire,
He looked across the centuries entire.

Tristram saw what gaunt Philistines teemed
In the forest wider than men dreamed,
What long and bitter roads there were to go
Before his sons should shake down Jericho,
Years full of forest and the creaking wagons,
Loneliness and woe and holy flagons
Of earth's juice and a splendor like the dragon's.

Tristram saw his children's sons-to-be
New and hardier Vikings of the sea,

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Who would make Nantucket but the hub
Of a vast wheel whose outer rim would rub
Upon the Arctic and Antarctic zones,
Would make the white lands where the glacier groans
Like other rooms within their houses, slide
Down along the round earth's nether side
And follow whales below the albatross
And harry great Leviathan across
From the torrid Gold Coast to Brazil,
Run the equator and take their kingly kill,
Come home rich in oils, and thank the Lord
In whose palm their schooners moved abroad.

Tristram's strange, wild children were upcurled
Asleep in the white pith of this New World,
Asleep in thunderheads and thundering rivers,
In silver alewives and the birch-bark slivers.
These strange sons would learn a builder's art
From beavers taking mighty trees apart.
They would take the ring-necked geese for guides,
They would set their houses on the tides
Of unknown rivers, rafting towns entire
Down to new lands wide as their desire.
They would renew the boyhood of the race,
Recapture Nimrod's young and ancient grace,
React the Age of Bronze, and live upon
The herding bisons' moving feast of brawn,
Depend upon their muscles for their lives,
Choose and woo their lithe and graceful wives
Beside the deer; and in their lives' brief span
React the history of rising man,
Be Romulus and Remus in mud walls,
And with their years grow with their mounting walls
To Regulus and Cato and preside
Over teeming cities white as pride;
Hunters at their dawn, and patriarchs at noon,
Lawgivers, citizens, underneath the moon.
They would learn war from aborigines
To overthrow kings' modern tyrannies,
Give laws in homespun, teach God's mighty ways
In a cottage by a pineknot blaze,
Read great Plato on a desk of deal,
Rear up sons for rulers on corn-meal,
And as they built the new, the old restore,
Bring back the Roman virtues such as wore
The homespun cloth when leading on the state.
They would refashion simple men and great,
Glad to resume the plow they left to smite
Carthage in the purple of her might,
Leave the imperial glory, pride, and wrath
For the gentle deities of the hearth.
Far in the forest was the clay to be
A son to set a shackled people free,
To split out rails and walk barefoot to borrow
A law-book for his destiny tomorrow.
Strange sons were on the march to come to birth,
Sons to mingle wisdom with the earth,
And thunder loudly at the college door,
Whose only wardrobe was the clothes they wore,
Descending from their mountains bright and yearning,
Ready to barter cattle for their learning,
Driving their education on the hoof,
A yoke of oxen for a bed and roof.
Here was a land in which the swarms of bees
Might turn themselves to universities
And lead a lad to knowledge and to glory.
Here was a land whose history would be story.

Tristram and his kinsmen had put by
Old garments and must bend with naked thigh
To wrestle Jacob's starry God anew,
Match the wilderness's thew with thew.
They had put off cities like a cloak,
They must move the mountain and the oak.
And Tristram's seed and kinsmen's seed would strip
Their sloth and dullness off and bathe and dip
Their nakedness in splendor wild and cruel,
In sun and starlight, dewdrops bright as jewel.
Loneliness and fear would make them fair,
And danger spread a nimbus round their hair.
Their feet would grow as light upon the sod
As deer in May, the suppleness of God
In his paths of night and day would limb them
Like the panther. Midnight would not dim them.
There would be song, the scythe's and axe's sound
In forests of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
And little children and white apple boughs
And corn leaves springing up behind the plows.
There would spring a Clark, a Daniel Boone,
Godlike figures lithe against the moon,
Robin Hood would come again in cap
Of coonskin, with an empire in his lap.
Spies would bring back grapes of Jericho.
These men would find a warm life in the snow
And renew their fierce virilities
By drinking of the blood of maple trees.
Furred animals would be for them a dress,
They would put on the forest's comeliness.
They would be more thankful for their food,
More worshipful, more jealous of the brood
Of children which their urgent loins would sow
Than tented patriarchs of long ago.
They would be tall and beautiful and swift,
Sure and direct and proud, would lift
Great stones and make great towns and say
Great words. The hills and rivers must obey
Their words. Their ears would hear the seeds
Growing in the earth. They would breed breeds
Aware to the quiet moving of deep life.
They would make a worship of a wife;
Their sons would be a kind of holiness,
And they would mingle God in their caress.
They would have awareness to the earth,
They would be beautiful and full of mirth.

To minister to their abundant powers,
Women would be reborn to earth like flowers,
Mothers of a nation, prairie mothers,
Clinging to one lot, forsaking others,
Taking their place beside the bearded man,

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Driving on the future in a span
Of westbound oxen, a city in one cart,
Women like the sunflower's honeyed heart;
A glorious sex returned to open air
With the harvest sunlight on their hair,
Ceres and Pomona come in truth,
A new Naomi and a reborn Ruth,
Their bosoms full of apples and green corn,
Cradling in the windrows their first-born.

The children of these New World cavaliers
While still at books would break and train their steers,
Be builders and fine farmers in July,
And schoolboys in the months when snowflakes fly.
A boy would hold the plow handles at seven
And think the earth was but one field from heaven.
Being children still, they would mix play
Into their hoeing and their raking hay,
And never learn where laboring began;
The boy would go on whistling in the man.
Not ice, not forests, not the rain and snow
Would keep these children from their will to know;
A boy would read the law by a hickory blaze,
A boy would hoe with Homer through the maize.
Shakespeare would go west and share the tent
Wherever these new kings in homespun went.
And Old World books as well as New World powers
Would push these new men up like prairie flowers.

Books would bring into this dreamless place
All the vast, golden dreams of the human race,
And dreams would turn to charters and white stone,
And laws spring up where poetry had sown,
Plato become a college, Milton a seer,
Rome's Saturnalia stretch to a year,
The plowman and the hunter stand the peer
Of manor lords and merchants in the town,
Old warring faiths in peace like lambs lie down.

And when the moving frontier met the sea
And could move on no farther, there would be
The frontier still in these strange children's hearts.
They would spread their colleges of the arts
Like inns across the land. Their building tools
Would be hand-hot through the night and day.
No town too small or off the beaten way
To be without its house of books. And pride
Would be in these children in this wide,
Bright land. They would build higher up than wood
Could reach. They would build like clouds which stood
Above them white with thunder in July,
Heap houses upon houses to the sky,
Lift commerce to religion as they made
Cathedrals of the domiciles of trade;
Until a Troy higher than Homer dreamed
Above the whitest of earth's cities gleamed,
And its builders were like sons of the air
Whose will and ardor were a strange, new prayer.

Tristram Winship sat and saw
The tablets of the future law
In the coals before his feet.
Sweeter than wild honey's sweet,
His children passed before his eyes,
Earth's sons turned children swift and wise,
Keener than the northbound geese.
His heart was big and full of peace,
His strength was on him like a tower,
His beauty on him like a flower,
The horses of a nation's need,
Armies and banners in his seed.
There would be music here and strength
When he would lie his six-foot length
In a grave that no man knew,
Here where he cut his clearing through,
And his dust lay in God's right hand
Beside his children's Promised Land.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

COMMUNICATIONS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: With all that you and Adelaide Smithers have said concerning the Church in Mexico and Spain, and the indifference of American "public opinion" to what is going on in those countries, I fully agree.

We have been strangely silent in our own attitude toward the matter. For that I find no excuse, so far as we are concerned, but I can see a possible explanation. Can anyone refer me to a single instance in living memory when non-Catholic "opinion" in this country ever really concerned itself with what was done to the Church in the way of violence, theft or murder? Looking back over forty years of continuous observation of these matters, I can recall none. Oh yes—I could recall, perhaps, an occasional, very occasional coldly phrased remonstrance in editorial columns when something more than ordinarily outrageous got into the headlines by sheer force of "news," but that was as a rule carefully "hedged" and qualified. I do recall, however, that whenever one of these did appear, our Catholic press would as a rule slobber and slaver it with welcome so enthusiastic as to mark it as a rarity.

I say in all frankness, and I say it in the light of more than casual observation, that our non-Catholic fellow citizens have been and are for the most part fundamentally indifferent concerning attacks upon the Church wherever and whenever committed, and that it is quite vain to hope that they will be anything else. For them the Church will be, as it always has been, "in the wrong" as no other person, group, race or nation is "in the wrong," and they will always "react" accordingly.

After all, the Church being what we know it to be, how could it be otherwise? To me this has always been a fifth "note" of the Church, and very convincing. And while I am in the mood to be frank, let me suggest that we shall do well not to mistake indifference for "tolerance." The two things are very different as we may one day find. "'Tis pity" but "'tis true." Why close our eyes to it?

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

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THE "OXFORD GROUP"

Coronado, Calif.

TO the Editor: As a convert for nearly a quarter of a century, who had been tossed from wave to wave of religion and irreligion before even sighting the firm bark of Peter upon the turbulent waters, I am interested in anything which promises to bring others nearer port.

When I saw in THE COMMONWEAL an article upon the Oxford Group Movement I expected that it would show how the longing, earnestly expressed by so many persons, to return to the basic principles laid down by Christ and thus to attain a method of leading a truly Christian life, could and should lead them eventually to the Catholic Church. I hoped that it might show us how we could most effectually help to throw them a life-line and assist in steering their course in the fog; for, like myself years ago, many do not know that the haven is so near.

Some time previously a friend who has been "changed" by the movement talked it over with me. She was surprised to find that Catholics believe in and practice "absolute surrender" to the will of God and seek for and try to find divine guidance in their everyday life; that we have our "quiet hour" of communion with the Holy Spirit. After that realization I could show her that "sharing," as they view it, is capable of grave errors psychologically and that a way whereby "release" is gained with none of the attendant dangers of their method and with the surety of forgiveness vouched for by Christ Himself is provided for in the Catholic Church. My friend has been so impressed that she has told her friends.

Though invited to one of their meetings, I should not have gone had it not been for the appearance of the article previously mentioned. My impression of the group as well as my friend's description was needed if I were to make a plea for understanding and help rather than destructive criticism. The meeting bore witness to the sincerity of desire and to the feeling that at last they have found a means of vital Christian living.

When the first fervor dies down, when the reaction from their mistaken psychology of "sharing" comes, as come it must, are we going to be prepared to do our part?

The contention of the group that it is not an ism seems to me to be justified. People adopting their method are not leaving their churches. Two of the speakers from the floor, at the meeting which I attended, were ministers, while the meeting was led by a man who three months ago had not considered himself a Christian. The name which they have chosen is, to us, unfortunate; but doubtless we, to whom the great Oxford Movement means so much, overestimate the place which it holds in the public mind. May it not be that we have a positive duty to work and pray that from this movement also, no matter what its origin, may come people comparable spiritually to Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman to work for the glory of God and the honor of Holy Mother Church?

MARY SAUTER.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: I want to congratulate M. Jules-Bois on his article in the May 12 issue of THE COMMONWEAL on the "Oxford Group," which shows a penetrating criticism of this movement in the United States, with which I am in thorough accord. I wish, however, to point out one point on which he has been misinformed. The "Oxford Groups" did not start in Princeton, but long before, and the opposition to them crystallized there in 1924-1925. The result of the feeling on the part of the students was to force the administration to oust Mr. Buchman and his followers from the university. I was a member of the student committee which performed what I consider a great service.

An interesting book, that is an indictment of the whole movement, is by the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Hensley Henson, and is called "Abdications of the Intellect."

NEILSON ABEEL, *Secretary,*
The American Scandinavian Foundation.

FATHER WALSH ON RUSSIA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: It would be unfortunate if THE COMMONWEAL'S editorial on the recognition of Russia (May 5) should leave an impression which the editor surely did not mean. THE COMMONWEAL seems to call on the Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown University for "a clear and unequivocal statement" on the religious issue in connection with recognition. That would hardly be fair to Father Walsh. Certainly nobody in America has been more clear on that point or less equivocal, more consistent and insistent.

His particular radio talk to which the editorial seems to refer was directed to one point: trade. The reason for treating that point alone at that time was not only the brief period allotted to its discussion; it was a definite answer to the "trade" reason advanced for recognition. In these very short radio talks he was taking one point at a time; on Sunday, April 23 ("Church of the Air"), he addressed himself quite "clearly and unequivocally" to the choice, "Christ or Lenin?" In his winter lecture series, covering several years, he has covered the whole ground in extenso, as his thousands of interested hearers could testify.

International class revolution is today a "science" taught in schools established for that purpose. Some Americans—not many—have made that a special study. Intelligent discussion of the whole subject requires a specialist's knowledge which is not and cannot be the property of many. That is very clear even in such an outstanding publication as the *New Outlook*. Father Walsh has incurred some quite unintelligent resentment, it seems, for disagreeing with the views of *Outlook's* editors on recognition. Yet he was speaking as a student of that subject and *Outlook's* editors were not. One of the most satisfactory observations that I have heard in connection with the intricate subject of Russia, was that of the then Governor of New York, when asked what he

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would do about Russia when President. His answer in substance was: "How can I possibly tell, till I have studied it?"

I suggest that his was a sensible answer. The subject cannot be studied except against a background of personal knowledge—yet, for some reason beyond my ability to guess, personal knowledge is barred very frequently as evidence, in our American discussions. Another interesting but inexplicable point in all our discussion of Russia is the meaning we so frequently give to the word "objective." To Catholics, "objective" should not bar definite conclusions and convictions; to many, the word seems to be accepted as meaning that the mind should be a semi-liquid mush, receiving transient impressions but incapable of holding concrete shape. Father Walsh, of course, holds definite convictions and expresses them constantly, consistently and emphatically. Equally of course, they are not and cannot be those of publicists who, while intelligent and authoritative in other lines, have no knowledge whatever of this particular subject.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

HOW SHALL A CATHOLIC VOTE?

Conception, Mo.

TO the Editor: There is no crack in the logic wherewith Mr. Charles O. Rice excoriates corruption in public life. He says very finely, "Who is there that will not uphold the right of public bodies to own goods and money?" When Mr. Rice says further, "Our toleration of the wrongdoing under discussion is amazing in its proportions, lamentable in its effects and impossible of extenuation or excuse," I am prepared to agree with him if he will accept my own refutation of the following "extenuations" which I think exert a powerful influence subconsciously, if not consciously.

The first extenuation is this. When Catholics accept as true in fact, and as veritable prophecies for the future, the very slogans of their worst opponents, slogans which outlaw Catholics from at least the highest public offices, it is easy to see that they are deprived (even though they deprive themselves by overcredulity) of one very effective "bulwark for resistance." A powerful motive to induce a politician to go straight in his ambition to go higher. If he believes he has reached the height of achievement possible to him in municipal politics he is more than ordinarily tempted to "make hay while the sun shines." Especially is this true if he believes, and Catholics too often believe and are encouraged to believe, that the higher offices are denied them by some dark and unwritten conspiracy of their fellow citizens. He will even things up, he may console himself, by excessive, not to say meticulous cultivation of the one field which, so he imagines, is left open to him.

The second extenuation is found in the unjust, but remediable, double taxation of Catholics for school purposes, one tax being voluntary, the other compulsory. The remedy is to seek relief from this double and unjust burden by acting through the ordinary political channels, and by appeal to our fellow citizens' sense of fair play.

The first extentuation does not rest upon fact at all, but upon an inferiority complex. The second consists in a real and well-nigh intolerable burden. But if we wish to maintain the respect of our fellow citizens, we must bring this problem for solution into the open forum of politics and public discussion. But if the impression, combatted above, and the fact of double taxation, continue to hold sway, there will always be many Catholics, misled by slothful sympathy, to extenuate political graft by Catholics, and few to condemn it; a situation which Mr. Rice justly laments.

REV. DAMIAN CUMMINS, O.S.B.

BANKING REFORM

Upper Marlboro, Md.

TO the Editor: When THE COMMONWEAL announced that it would publish in its issue of May 12 an article titled "Banking Reform," by Gerhard Hirschfeld, as "a cogent analysis of the new securities bill recommended by President Roosevelt," I anticipated the usual scholarly COMMONWEAL article by a reliable and competent writer, especially in view of the fact that the editors recognized the great importance of this subject by saying that this was "one of the most important and fundamental developments in American economic history of all times." At the time of the announcement of the forthcoming article I could not help making a mental notation that the subject had been most inappropriately titled, since the proposed measures relating to the sale and issuance of securities is not generally considered as banking reform legislation, for this tag carries the common broad reference to reform of commercial banking.

Now that I have read the "cogent analysis" referred to I am inclined to believe that the author of "Banking Reform" has taken the proposed securities bill less seriously than THE COMMONWEAL editors, for he has amply demonstrated by his "analysis" that he either has not read the text of the bills in question (either in its introductory form or in any of the amended versions) or else, having read S. 875, H. R. 4314 or H. R. 5480, he has not understood the language contained therein.

It would take considerable space to correct all of the misstatements in the article under consideration, for paragraph after paragraph contain incorrect factual statements or implications. I shall herein point out but two of the most glaring inaccuracies:

Mr. Hirschfeld writes: "The federal securities bill further provides for a federal licensing system through which to regulate the stock, bond and commodity exchanges." That these bills contain any such reference will come as a great surprise to both proponents and opponents of these measures. Until Mr. Hirschfeld appeared on the scene no one tried to read any such language in either their original introductory form or as since amended by the House or Senate. No such licensing system has even been proposed by anyone in connection with the Federal Securities Act. From time to time press despatches have said that the administration was considering special legislation to regulate stock exchanges, but to date no such bills under administration sponsorship have appeared on Capitol Hill,

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though the President did call to the attention of Congress, in his message on the necessity of full publicity in the issuance and sale of securities, that this measure "should be followed by legislation relating to the better supervision of the purchase and sale of all property dealt in on exchanges."

Next Mr. Hirschfeld wrote: "Another important clause of the bill demands the divorcement of investment banking from commercial banking." Again I must point out that no such clause appears in any of the so-called "Federal Securities Act" bills. Such a section does appear, however, in the Glass banking bill as one of the proposed measures of reform in connection with the commercial banking structure and the strengthening of the Federal Reserve Act. The bill has been under consideration for almost three years, and in its present form has just recently been introduced.

Might I suggest that the proposed Federal Securities Act has for its purpose nothing beyond the accomplishment of the wishes of President Roosevelt as embodied in his message to Congress when he said: "Of course, the federal government cannot and should not take any action which might be construed as approving or guaranteeing that newly issued securities are sound in the sense that their value will be maintained or that the properties which they represent will earn profit. There is, however, an obligation upon us to insist that every issue of new securities to be sold in interstate commerce shall be accompanied by full publicity and information, and that no essentially important element attending the issue shall be concealed from the buying public."

In view of the true picture of the scope of the securities bills one cannot but wonder how a man who "writes on current economic problems" could set down so many erroneous, and unrelated to the fact, statements; and this wonder increases when it is recalled that various metropolitan dailies have printed the complete texts of these bills (one has printed the amended bills on various occasions). Possibly you can decide how you have accepted and printed one thing, believing it to be another. Maybe someone will suggest a licensing and regulating act for writers.

JOHN LEWIS KELLY.

Yorktown Heights, N. Y.

TO the Editor: An apology is due to Mr. Kelly and to the readers of THE COMMONWEAL. The original manuscript of my article on "Banking Reform" was based upon three banking reform bills, partly proposed and partly promised by the administration, one of which was the Federal Securities Bill.

In later revisions, the original basis was erroneously abandoned. I am in full to blame for this error. Hence the reference to a "federal licensing system" and to the "divorcement of investment from commercial banking" both of which were (and are) contained in the government's banking reform program.

The editor of THE COMMONWEAL, however, was right when he put down the title "Banking Reform"; that is what the article deals with.

GERHARD HIRSCHFELD.

FATHERS ARE PARENTS

Minerva, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Says a sprightly COMMONWEAL editorial; "We have long wished to wage a crusade in defense of the principle that children have two parents. The United Parents' Association now steps smartly into the field ahead of us."

Not so. THE COMMONWEAL is wrong in disclaiming valiant effort in behalf of a united home. Repeatedly it has proclaimed that saving the family means saving the country, each well-disciplined home being a bulwark against civic disorder. For years it has urged that the family is the real social unit and that in fulfilling their mission as educators, parents are not encroaching upon the territory of Church or school or state. Particularly have the editors earned a passport to heaven by fostering the movement, coextensive with the Church, of "Domestic Education under Pastoral Guidance."

Classes in "Domestic Education" are a blessed reality, here and abroad. Fathers and mothers meet weekly for instruction in child training by the pastor or his appointee, who explains and illustrates the assigned topic. General questions are discussed in class, personal worries taken up privately. Unsigned problems dropped in a box are sent me for reply, question and answer being read aloud in class.

Back to the home. Back to the Church. Each family to its own church, guided by an instructed pastor. Through such a world-wide Church League of Teacher-Parents, Jew, Catholic, Protestant, our civilization shall be saved.

If THE COMMONWEAL, in urging parent guidance, parent education, has not specifically named the father and mother as educational partners, is it not because they are taken for granted, like right shoe and left shoe? The United Parents' Association, well-meaning and sincere, has two powerful weaknesses: it does not look to religion for authority in education; it does accept too broadly the irreligious guidance clinic.

ELLA FRANCES LYNCH.

HENRY ADAMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Blessed be Mabel La Farge for her beautiful, Christian-like letter concerning the inner, spiritual graces of that rare and distinguished personality, Henry Adams. We are all too prone to measure our fellows with the yard-stick of conformity to the outward and visible signs, careless of the essentials of character.

It is quite possible to observe all the technicalities of religion, and yet systematically practise political corruption, as in our own Tammany-ridden city, or in Republican-ridden Philadelphia where "a good Presbyterian" or otherwise may be a member of "the ring."

Christ said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The life of Henry Adams brought forth, not thorns and thistles, but the figs and grapes of true Christianity. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin would, almost of itself, make this axiomatic.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

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THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

"Little Giant"—and Mr. Robinson

HOLLYWOOD has its very positive ideas about Edward G. Robinson. Those who know or remember Mr. Robinson best as one of the most competent artists of the Theatre Guild in its great days, harbor other and very different ideas about him. In the contrast of these two sets of ideas, and in all that contrast implies, you have the essence of the struggle between the stage and the screen for the mastery of men's talents.

The latest vehicle for Mr. Robinson is a screen story called "Little Giant," which deals with the efforts of a Chicago gangster who retires on the prospect of prohibition's repeal, to break into California social circles. The story is amusing enough, if you accept it in the spirit of near farce and caricature. As "Bugs" Ahearn, the ex-gangster, Mr. Robinson makes all the blunders he is supposed to make in such matters as overdressing, mistaking flash for social prestige, mishandling tea cups and proving himself generally a lamb among the wolves in buying everything that is offered to him. When his eyes are finally opened to the true situation, he goes about the task of straightening things out with appropriate gangster zeal and methods—this time in a worthy cause. But when all is said and done, there is not the least spark of originality in the story and no real excuse for it except the obvious one of again presenting Mr. Robinson "in type."

Ordinarily, I cannot get very excited over the fate of screen stars in being reduced to "types." It is a well-recognized sacrifice which they must make for the privilege of drawing down huge pay checks and enjoying a few years of unexampled publicity and fame. But the case of Mr. Robinson is a little different, for he is one of the few real artists of the present-day stage. The theatre is rather notorious for producing a large number of more than acceptable actresses and very few important actors. The feminine personality blends peculiarly well with the requirements of the stage, in spite of the historical fact that the actress entered upon the scene very late in the history of the theatre. Men have more difficulty in maintaining their artistic integrity behind the footlights, possibly because the male creative instinct runs more naturally to outside effort, to writing and directing or to countless struggles in a world of reality rather than make-believe. But every now and then a man appears on the stage with a dynamic instinct for creating character and illusion, and for dominating make-believe in such a way that it becomes for the moment, a forceful reality. Edward G. Robinson is (or was) just such a man.

First of all, he brought to his work on the stage a rare personal equipment. He is an appreciative as well as a creative artist. His love of fine music is sincere and very deep, also his love of literature. He has developed to a degree most unusual in these stereotyped days the art of abstract conversation, his interests ranging freely from philosophy to medicine or science or the study of individuals. With this talent he combines a flashing and unexpected humor—unexpected because of the intensity and even ferocity with which he attacks some subject that has caught his interest. Given this general background, Mr. Robinson's approach to the theatre has always been one of creative passion. He is utterly dominated by interest in the character he must try to project. His own individual personality does not enter into the scheme of things at all. He casts that overboard for the time being and enters full bloodedly into the person created by the author. The final result may not be exactly what the author intended, for Mr. Robinson works unremittingly until he has rounded out every detail of a flesh and blood character, and very few authors write as much into a play character as Mr. Robinson eventually brings forth. But at least he never short changes the author. He gives back more, but never less, than he has received.

I recall vividly my first introduction to Mr. Robinson's work. It was at a Theatre Guild double bill of "Androcles and the Lion" and "The Man of Destiny." In the latter play, which opened the bill, Mr. Robinson played the part of the facile and obsequious and wiry Italian innkeeper—a small part but brilliantly distinct. Later in the evening, he appeared as the effeminate and lascivious emperor gloating over the spectacle of Christian martyrdom. The contrast was startling, not to say sensational. Thereafter I watched his contributions to the Guild plays with ever increasing zest. He created the epileptic Smerdiakov in the "Brothers Karamazov," the vigorous and soldierly General Diaz in "Juarez and Maximilian," the wandering Jew in "Goat Song" and notably the half-insane hero of Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are." In each case there was a total transformation of the person on the stage, in fiber, muscle, gesture, mannerism and inner flame. Later, after leaving the Guild, Mr. Robinson played the Jewish cigar store dealer in "Kibitzer," a play in whose authorship he collaborated. Then came the unfortunate day when, in "The Racket," he played his first gangster. It was a masterly creation of character—but it led directly to the Hollywood slavery in which Mr. Robinson now finds himself.

My point is that the same Hollywood which discovered that the very versatility of Lon Chaney was something to be capitalized has failed utterly to appraise the true compass of Mr. Robinson's artistry. Hollywood has played safe. It has, to be sure, included something more than mere gangster parts, but it has held Mr. Robinson essentially to the vigorous incisive "tough" rôle, which is like holding a race horse to hack pulling in the London slums. Special stories should be written for Mr. Robinson—a story of Napoleon, for example, or of Feuchtwanger's hero, the Jew Süss, or of the mad King of Bavaria, or of Ivan the Terrible of Russia. He would be superb as either Danton or Robespierre or perhaps Marat in an epic of the French Revolution. I might even suggest that Hollywood has never yet produced an epic of early Latin American days, with such striking figures as Bolivar, San Martin or the Chilean liberator, O'Higgins. If Mr. Robinson is not to become a tragedy of wasted artistry, Hollywood should give him some such scope as this. He richly deserves it.

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BOOKS

A Helping Hand

Knowing and Helping People, by Horatio W. Dresser. Boston: The Beacon Press. $2.50.

Social Pathology, by John Lewis Gillin. New York: The Century Co. $3.75.

Sneckles of Mowbrey Street, by Grove Wilson. New York: Big Brother Movement. $2.00.

ONE OF the most active groups in social life is that formed by those who desire to extend a helping hand to others. Whether the troubles are mental, physical or social, a host of consultants and counselors are available. As far as physical ailments are concerned, most civilized peoples protect themselves by requiring the fulfilment of certain conditions for obtaining licenses that give at least some guarantee for correctness in practice. In the fields of mental hygiene, psychology and sociology we have not as yet universally recognized and adopted standards for practitioners, and hence it is of primary importance that everyone looks out for himself and—as far as literature is concerned—examines not only the subjects covered and the ideas presented but more so the principles upon which the system and advice are built and how far they harmonize with the tenets of Christianity and Catholicism in particular.

"Knowing and Helping People," written by Dr. Dresser, is much better than the common run of books on mental health. It recognizes the difference between soul and body and addresses itself to needs in the field between psychology, religion and medicine. It brings a large amount of useful information based upon a long experience in social service. The cases quoted are well chosen and evaluated. On the other hand, the information imparted is too diffusive; the long chapters have no summary at the end nor an introductory outlining the contents. The few italicized words are not sufficient to center attention and to facilitate reading. Some statements of the author could be challenged. Our knowledge about emotions goes much farther back than Spinoza, it antedates even Saint Thomas Aquinas. The views expressed in the chapter on morals are not Catholic. The absence of all taint even in the will cannot be maintained, especially not if the soul as a whole is considered. Notwithstanding these faults, the book may be recommended to normal people interested in self-knowledge and self-mastery, to achieve which the book will prove helpful.

In "Social Pathology" Dr. Gillin, who received his early training in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and is at present professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, treats social maladjustments in the framework of modern sociological theory. Social pathology is to him "the study of man's failure to adjust himself and his institutions to the necessities of existence to the end that he may survive and meet fairly well the felt needs of his nature." This is a clear and comprehensive definition and its exposition forms the contents of the well-printed and technically well-arranged volume. Within this definition, the author, after considering individual

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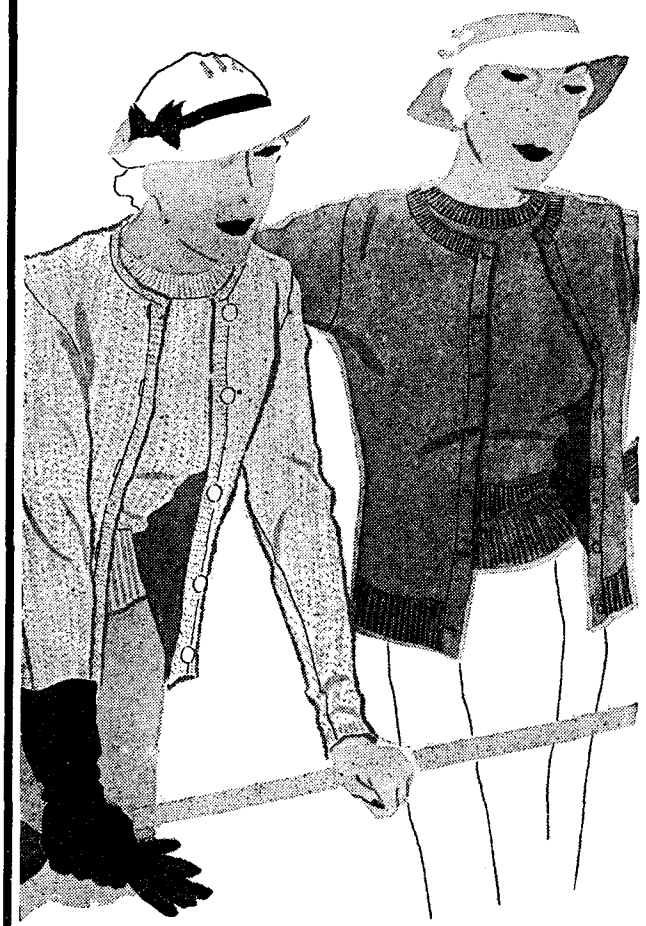

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Next Week

CHILDREN'S MASS: BERLIN, by Michael Williams, is a communication from abroad by the editor of THE COMMONWEAL. Graphically it pictures the difference between, on the one hand, the increasing nationalist spirit in various countries that takes even young children, regiments them, prepares them according to their years to be able to kill, trains them for cannon fodder, on the basis of racial and geographical obsessions, and, on the other hand, the Faith that makes even young children citizens of eternity, spiritual brothers with all mankind, today and through the ages. This is a vision that is of preeminent importance in our troubled world today . . . WORLDLY THOUGHTS ON HOLY BAPTISM, by Frank Scully, is a moving, simple story of the entrance of an adult into the Church and of long vistas of joy and homely realities of it . . . ALUMNI AND CULTURAL ACTION, by Louis J. A. Mercier, is a cogent query of whether the alumni of Catholic colleges and universities are alive to their privileges and to their responsibilities. One of the best means of stimulating and keeping alive the united effort of men and women who have been privileged in their preparation to be of service to their time and country, Professor Mercier believes to be first-class alumni magazines or bulletins and he tells of their making. He concludes with an analysis of the really great potentiality of Catholic alumni for Catholic cultural action . . . THE JOYS OF SOLITUDE, by Harriet Teresa Hassell, is a beautiful essay on the reality of solitude, of day after day of silent contemplation and finally "the possession of that original, almost eccentric, spirituality from which mystic joys grow." Those who are congenital solitaries will find much in this that will stir what is for them a rare responsive chord, while those who favor Martha will be interested by the revelations of secrets of how the other half live.

pathology, treats in the following four parts the pathology of domestic, social, economic and cultural relations, introducing each part by a succinct statement delineating its object and scope. Every chapter is followed by a reading list and a set of practical questions and exercises. An index of sixteen pages gives some idea of the wealth of matter touched upon in the remaining six hundred.

What are these maladjustments and situations to which so many fail to adjust themselves? Among these are: infirmities, drug habits, alcoholism, mental disorders, suicide, widowhood, divorce, dissertion, dependency, illegitimacy, prostitution, vagabondage, old age, poverty, women and children's labor, unemployment, delinquency, crime and their relations. All these and other topics are more or less uniformly treated: definition, extent, causes and consequences, treatment and prevention. The text should always be considered in the light of the definition, otherwise the generalization of some statement might lead to grave errors. For instance, expressions like "the Church broke down" or "cannot adapt itself" do certainly not apply to the Catholic Church. The information imparted is quite up-to-date, but why the findings of the late White House conferences are seemingly not utilized and why some of the recent important encyclicals were not included in the reading lists is puzzling. Catholics might take exception to a few opinions regarding sterilization, eugenics and religious and social pathology. The chapter "Breakdown of Moral Standards" might have been more correctly expressed as the "Breakdown of Moral Living." Customs may change but standards are essentially stable and permanent. Among the remedies suggested, a return to these eternal standards should have been advocated in the first place. The causes for the occurrence of quarrels with the Jews are racial and economic rather than religious and might have received attention under these headings. Otherwise, facts are objectively presented without ridiculing other beliefs and practices as it is often done in books of this type. The volume is undoubtedly an excellent text and reference book and will be of service not only to the student and speaker but also to the general reader interested in social questions.

In "Sneckles of Mowbrey Street," Grove Wilson pictures a type of boys which the Big Brothers endeavor to help. Although true to life, the story does not present the most serious kind of problems boy workers are confronted with in the poor and overcrowded districts of our big cities. The description ought to interest the more fortunate and should arouse sympathy with the underprivileged child and those who labor to alleviate its lot.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Idealist

Sidney Lanier, by Aubrey Harrison Starke. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: The University of North Carolina Press. $5.00.

DR. STARKE concedes that the reputation of Lanier has suffered most, as did the French queen, from friends. He became a well-nigh bloodless idealist—a man having so little in common with terra firma that his very

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awareness of it seemed inconceivable. And so here is a large, studious book which attempts to narrate the ins and outs of a very human story and to make, if possible, a "live" poet out of another Sir Galahad product of academia. Dr. Starke wishes to describe a man "who hated but forgave and loved, who was reviled and ridiculed, who labored greatly, suffered greatly, doubted and faltered, but who died victoriously in the certitude that the assurance of achievement gives."

To a very considerable extent he succeeds in doing so. The life story itself is fully told, and the author frankly tells us when documentary evidence (as in the case of the Tabb letters, publication of which their author vehemently forbade) is lacking. We see the young Georgian of high ideals; the youthful fire-eater who thought that one Southerner could whip five Yankees; the victim of a Federal prison; the lover and husband, always hard pressed to cope with the economic hardships in part imposed by the defeat of the South; and the musician, lecturer, critic and poet who did what he could for the ennoblement of his own spirit and the encouragement of his fellow men. The record is of the kind which easily lends itself to sentimentalizing, because Lanier's outlook was really a bit vague and "romantic." But Mr. Starke, though possibly diffuse here and there, makes it all seem genuinely manly and interesting.

The work itself, in poetry and prose, exacts more discriminating criticism than one might imagine. Lanier was so often nearly great that estimates of the value of his achievement must strike a nice balance between eulogy and lack of appreciation. Dr. Starke appears to have dealt with the prose quite definitively. Somebody else may restate the issues and implications more incisively, but it is hard to think that anyone will again cover this ground with so much care. Where the poetry is concerned, there is naturally more room for debate. It seems to the present reviewer that Dr. Starke has been a little unduly conscious of the values insisted upon by the naturalists. There may be more room for praise, and less need for apology, here than he supposes. But the discussion is always valuable, and a more or less thorough study of American letters will find this a book impossible to disregard.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

For Children

Little Saint Thérèse, by Elizabeth von Schmidt Pauli; translated by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

Little Saint Elizabeth, by Elizabeth von Schmidt Pauli; translated by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

IT WOULD be idle indeed to deny that, generally speaking, Catholic literature for children has been, from a literary point of view, of a very mediocre quality. It seems strange that so little of the austere beauty or the childlike simplicity of the Roman liturgy has found its way into Catholic magazines or school readers. On the contrary the sentimentalized piety characteristic of much Catholic literature has been a definitely vitiating in-

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fluence in Catholic education and has indubitably helped to retard what should be one of the richest cultures in the world.

It is frequently argued that the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor and the illiterate and that these simple minds can be reached best through colored lithographs. Even granting this, there is also a large body of intellectual Catholics, and, moreover, this class would be greatly augmented if, in addition to the intense spiritual and emotional appeal of Catholicism, there were provided a satisfying intellectual stimulus.

Until the late nineteenth century children's literature in general was avowedly moral in purpose, and reeked with a cloying piety and an unnatural, self-conscious goodness. The twentieth century brought a welcome change. For the discriminating parent today, there is available a wide range of excellent material for his child's library. Catholic literature, however, reflects this advance to only a small degree. But there is an insistent group working for reform. Among the constructive agencies at work is the Macmillan Company whose notably strong juvenile department has this spring made two noteworthy contributions to the list of distinguished books for Catholic children. These are "Little Saint Thérèse" and "Little Saint Elizabeth," both translations by George N. Shuster from the German of Elizabeth von Schmidt Pauli. The two books, uniformly bound except as to color, immediately attract the eye by the appealing simplicity of the jackets, the promise of which is amply fulfilled by the format of the books themselves. Mr. Shuster's delightful translations preserve admirably the childlike quality of the originals while showing no trace of the patronizing tone so often assumed by those who write for children.

"Little Saint Thérèse" is the story of that modern saint, Thérèse of Lisieux, affectionately known as the "Little Flower," who has so touched the imagination of thousands in this practical age. Her story appeals strongly to children because she is so close to us in point of time. It seems almost impossible to a child that immediate relatives of one of God's saints can actually be living right now in our own time. After reading this charming story of the eager, vivid little girl, readers old and young, touched by her generous devotion and sacrifice, cannot but feel that a slightly greater measure of self-discipline may be possible even in these unsaintly days.

In "Little Saint Elizabeth" we have another ardent, living child whose very human struggle for sanctity, not within convent walls, but in actual life, is far removed from the smug, self-conscious holiness often pictured for us by those who write the lives of the saints. In neither of these books is there any attempt to point a moral or urge a line of conduct, but it is highly probable that there will be many young readers to imitate even though they follow afar and feebly.

While these attractive little volumes are of especial interest to Catholic children, they are suitable for the library of a child of any faith. It is especially urged that they be placed upon the shelves of parochial school libraries where they will meet a very real need.

BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

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Three Rascals

Explorers of the Dawn, by Mazo de la Roche. New York; Alfred A. Knopf. $1.95.

IN "Explorers of the Dawn" three irrepressible little rascals—John, who tells the story, and David and Alexander whose nicknames are "Angel" and "The Seraph"— have all the glamorous adventures of childhood. Miss de la Roche has so little forgotten all its joys and its bitter woes and so ably depicts them with her rainbow-dipped pen that I found myself in complete sympathy with the three, flying before the wrath of "the dragon," their tight-lipped governess in whose care their widower father leaves them.

With the little golden-haired girl next door each boy in turn is smitten. "Fast on the winged heels of love came [their] discovery of the dawn." Their friend, the Canon of the cathedral nearby, had said that it was the most beautiful thing in the world so the children laid awake by turns to view that daily miracle. What the dawn revealed no one must miss. It is pure poetry. Then there is more than a peep into the cobbler's house where he tenderly guards his birds and his witless wife, and the boys listen entranced to his bird stories. The glimpse into the home of Lord Simon, who had married the Gaiety girl, and a close view of the four wildlings, their children, is a story all by itself.

"Explorers of the Dawn," now in its third edition, takes its place with Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," Milne's "When We Were Very Young," and other stories about the young, supremely enjoyable to adults.

CARMEL O'NEILL HALEY.

In Labrador

True North, by Elliott Merrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

FREEDOM and what it means to man is graphically described by Elliott Merrick in his diary of daily life in Labrador. Today there are thousands of young men who would gladly work if they could find anything to do —but how many of these would have the will power to move from their hopeless surroundings to such an ordeal of strenuous living as he went through? Emerging from the well-ordered life of Yale, he found the business world a maze of entanglements that he could not cope with. In his decision to get away from all that was superficial, he chose the life of a pioneer in the North. While working as a teacher in the Grenfell Mission, he married a trained nurse in the same Mission.

The main chapter of the book deals with the trip Mr. Merrick and his wife took with the trappers of Traverspine, of their many narrow escapes battling the Grand River in frail canvas canoes, the long hard portages up to the trap line, which was 350 miles away, and the stay in a small tile (Labrador cabin) for three months of the Arctic winter. In short daily notes he gives the reader the beauty of the wilderness, relates many hazardous and dangerous episodes, and one feels that in spite of hardships encountered he found the contentment he sought.

P. H. WILLIAMS.

"Liturgy is certainly a sacred thing; for by it we are elevated to God and joined with Him; by it we give testimony of our faith and bind ourselves to Him in most solemn homage for benefits and assistance received, of which we are constantly in need."—Pope Pius XI *(Apostolic Constitution* of December 20, 1928).

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Briefer Mention

Life of Saint Peter Fourier, by Rev. Edmund Kreusch; translated and enlarged by a School Sister of Notre Dame. Milwaukee, Wisconsin: School Sisters of Notre Dame. $2.00.

THE German "Life of Saint Peter Fourier," by Reverend Edmund Kreusch, recently has been translated and enlarged by a School Sister of Notre Dame. The new volume will appeal particularly to priests and religious, but to all who are engaged in the education and training of the young it will be especially helpful. Saint Peter Fourier gave the first plan and laid the foundation of the Catholic school system of today. As Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch of Milwaukee says in his foreword to the book: "In these days when men must be brave and clear-headed in the face of the tragic conditions of the times to uphold their sacred ideals and solve their problems in the light of these ideals, the reader will find this volume an inspiration and a stimulus."

The True Christian Religion, by Emanuel Swedenborg; translated by F. Bayley; Introduction by Helen Keller. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $.70.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was beyond any question a real "religious genius," though much he wrote was of course imperfect or even fantastic. That his influence upon men continues is testified to by the fervent introduction written for this "Everyman's Library" edition of his magnum opus.

Two Saints: St. Bernard and St. Francis, by G. G. Coulton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

BEING sketches of two great saints written from a reverently Protesant point of view, Dr. Coulton's little book is interesting and touching when one regards it as a tribute from the outside and unsatisfactory when one looks at it from within the Church. The material is reprinted, in neat format, from the author's "Five Centuries of Religion."

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